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A

NARRATIVE,

BY

MR. DENIS O'BRYEN,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE ATTACK MADE UPON HIM BY

The Hon. H. G. Bennett,

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

ON TUESDAY, THE 17TH OF OCTOBER, 1820.

IN THREE PARTS.

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PART THE FIRST.

From the death of Mr. Pitt to the death of Mr. Fox.

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*** *Into whatever hands this pamphlet may fall, the temporary possessor is entreated to do, in regard to it, 'as he would be done unto.' There will be only six copies struck off at first. Further circulation must depend upon circumstances. At all events, the writer supplicates that he may be allowed to make it a point of honour with the reader, that the work may not be seen by any person connected with newspapers—or other publications.*

November the 23*d,* 1820.

December the 2*d,* 1820.

According to the intimation given above, only six copies of this Narrative were struck off on Thursday morning, the 23*d of November. One of those six was enclosed to Mr.* Bennett—*but only a* few hours *before the two Houses of Parliament met, on that day. The quickness of the Prorogation prevented the writer's knowing what the intentions of Mr.* Bennett *were, with regard to reparation on the scene of the attack.*

The diffusion of this work to this day, (the 2*d of December,* 1820,*) is confined to the six copies referred to above. Should the pamphlet, diverging a little beyond that small circle, reach those still surviving persons named in it, the communication, to* such, *will not be the worst voucher of the author's confidence in the invulnerableness of his statements.*

21, *Craven Street, Strand.*

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NARRATIVE,

BY

MR. DENIS O'BRYEN,

&c. &c.

PART THE FIRST.

From the death of Mr. Pitt to the death of Mr. Fox.

On Thursday, the 23d of January, 1806, *Mr. Pitt* departed this life. The next day (the 24th) was *Mr. Fox's* birth-day. Though engaged to dine at *Mr. Fox's*, in celebration of his birth-day, I made my accustomed morning call in Arlington Street, where *Mr. Fox* then resided. At this call *Mr. Fox* addressed the following words to the late *General Fitz-Patrick* and to myself, who alone were in the room, besides *Mrs. Fox.*

" Now that poor *Pitt* is gone, I am at liberty to tell you, that he and I had a private meeting, at a time when the two parties were so furious that arms only were wanting to their falling upon each other. *Pitt* and I, in perfect tranquillity, talked for two hours—we could not agree—but neither was at liberty to say any thing regarding the interview, until the other was dead. We met at that time at a Lady's house—(Aye, my Car,* interposed *Mrs. Fox*; and did not I, who was in the secret, keep it close ?) " In fact," con-

* *Car* was an abbreviation of *Carlo*—an endearing appellation frequent with *Mrs. Fox.*

tinued *Mr. Fox*, "*Pitt* and I had *another meeting* long after the first*," &c. &c.

On the Monday after this communication, viz. on the 27th of January, 1806, the late King authorised *Lord Grenville*, at that, his Lordship's first interview with His Majesty subsequently to the death of *Mr. Pitt*, to consult with *Mr. Fox* upon the formation of a new government. Upon each of the nights of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, (the 27th, 28th, and 29th of January, 1806,) *Mr. Fox* at his nightly return from *Lord Grenville*, between nine and ten o'clock, detained me, he having previously fixed me to be in waiting for him, even until after he had performed his ablutions, and went to bed—(*Mrs. Fox* retiring at the commencement of his preparations)—and he not allowing me to come away till, in his night gown, with his night-cap in his hand, he ascended one flight of stairs to his chamber, while I descended the other, to return home. Posterior events proved to me that *Mr. Fox* was quite unreserved in his communications to me upon those nights. Excepting *Lord Grenville*, and, possibly, *Mr. Thomas Grenville*, I am *quite sure* that my knowledge, as to the then forming Cabinet, and the other principal destinations, was prior to that of any other *man*—living or dead.

During the entire week to which I am alluding, I never once touched upon *my own* interest.—Not so *Mr. Fox*. Towards the close of our conversation on the night of Tuesday the 28th (Jan. 1806) *Mr. Fox* ejaculated this sentence, '*O'Bryen*, I want a good man for *America*.' I

* The reader is requested to keep this second meeting between those mighty adversaries in his memory, at the perusal of page 49.

remained perfectly silent. About the same time upon the next night, (Wednesday the 29th) looking at me with unusual earnestness, *Mr. Fox* said, '*O'Bryen* cant you think of a good man for *America*.' To misunderstand the drift of the question was impossible; but I made no answer. On the day after *Mr. Fox's* first hint about *America*, namely on the 29th, I mentioned this incident to *Mr.*, now the *Lord Chief Commissioner Adam*, at my own house, remarking to the Lord Chief Commissioner my surprise at *Mr. Fox's* not adverting to the utter impossibility of my leaving London, on account of the nature and number of my perplexities, with which he (*Mr. Fox*) was as well acquainted as the Lord Chief Commissioner, or myself. The Lord Chief Commissioner (fully sensible of the impracticability of any arrangement of my private concerns without pecuniary means which to me were wholly inaccessible) said, 'You of course have no objection to my suggesting that mission to *Erskine*. It would be just the thing for *David*;' (meaning the eldest son of the now *Lord Erskine*.) 'On the contrary, I shall be very happy at his obtaining the appointment,' was my most hearty and ready reply.

From about the time of the *Commons'* vote against the late *Lord Melville* (8th of April 1805) up to the death of *Mr. Pitt* I had laboured in partisanship with a carelessness of my own health which had nearly proved fatal to me. Excepting the Resolutions for the Middlesex Meeting (which were written by *Mr. Creevy*) almost every thing fell upon me,—Resolutions—Addresses to the King—Petitions to Parliament, &c. &c. Never did mortal work harder or more variously, or more improvidently for his own frame, than I

worked in those nine months. The winter set in with uncommon severity. From Thursday the 30th to Monday evening the 3d of February (1806) I was forced to keep my bed or bed-room. Pending this confinement the following communications took place.

On Thursday the 30th of January (1806) I received from *Mr.* (now *Alderman and Sheriff*) *Waithman* an urgent letter for *Mr. Fox's* sentiments respecting notices, given upon that day, of some contemplated proceedings in the Court of Common Council. In consequence of *Mr. Waithman's* earnest letter, which was delivered to me in bed at nine in the evening, I got up and wrote a note to *Mr. Fox*, to which the following was the answer.

'DEAR O'B.

'I like *Mr. Waithman's* plan much, if he is sure of 'success; but I fear he may be jockeyed by a day being 'fixed too early for congratulating the K— on the new 'Ministry; because I suppose that can hardly be done 'upon mere rumour; and I do not think (let things go 'ever so right) that any of us shall kiss hands before 'Monday. I submit all this to *Combe*, *Thorpe* and '*Waithman*, who will I dare say manage it well. There 'might no doubt be thanks for removal; but that would 'not be so satisfactory as thanks after the names are 'known.

'Your's ever,

'*Thursday Night.*' 'C. J. F.

'Do you know that there is an advertisement in the 'Morning Post declaring an anonymous candidate?'

On the same Thursday (the 30th of January 1806,) *Mrs. Fox* kindly remembered me in my sick bed, as follows.

'There is no news good bad or indifferent. They were 'obliged to send an excuse as they were not ready. It 'will be to-morrow or next day. It is a dreadful cold day. 'You had better not go out.

'Your's ever,

'E. F.'

On Friday *morning* (the 31st of January 1806) *Mrs. Fox* thus wrote to me,* still confined to my room.

'There is nothing known yet. As soon as it is, I will 'let you know.'

On the *night* of the same day, *Mrs. Fox* wrote thus.

'I dare say you have heard before this that the K— 'told *Lord Grenville* he could not give him an answer 'to-day but that he should have one in eight and forty 'hours. I hope he does not mean to play them any '***. I hope your cold is better. This is dreadful 'weather.

'Your's ever,

'*Friday Night.*' 'E. FOX.

On Saturday the 1st of February (1806) the present King, then Prince of Wales, went after the Opera to *Mr. Fox* in Arlington-street and remained with *Mr. F.* till between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. After the Prince's departure, even at that unseasonable hour, *Mr. Fox* wrote to me as follows.

'Dear O'B.

'All is off. The K. asked some questions relative to 'a paragraph in our Propositions respecting the necessity 'of considering the Army and Home Defence; and 'not being satisfied with Lord G.'s answers, said he 'would reconsider the whole of the thing. This was

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* All the documents copied into this narrative are extant and in my possession.

'between nine and ten to-night; and he afterwards sent
'to *Lord Hawkesbury* to be with him to-morrow morn-
'ing at eleven. So the thing rests. There has been no
'schism among us of any kind whatever.

'Your's ever,

'*Saturday Night.*' 'C. J. FOX.

'If any thing can be done in the Common Council
'by way of Address to the K—, to form a strong and
'vigorous Administration, it will be very good; but it
'should not be attempted unless success be pretty sure.

'Your's ever,

'C. J. F.'

On Monday evening the 3d of February (1806) I became convalescent and went to Arlington-street. Whilst proceeding thither, the acceptance or rejection of the new government by the King, was literally in the scales. *Lord Grenville* carried his list to the King; and on my arrival in Arlington-street, *Mr. Fox* was as ignorant as myself of the King's decision. In a few minutes, *Lord Grenville's* return from Buckingham House being announced, *Mr. Fox* went down stairs to his Lordship; and, coming shortly after back to the drawing-room, with a voice and manner which seemed prophetic of a new world of woes, said—'It's all settled!'

All the new Ministers kissed hands for their offices on Wednesday the 5th (February 1806) except *Mr. Fox*—who kissed hands only on being restored to the Privy Council. Having important business in the House of Commons on the Wednesday and Thursday *Mr. Fox* did not take the seals till Friday the 7th. Rumour started *Colonel Elliott* as a probable Candidate for Westminster; and it is a remarkable coincidence, that while *Mr. Fox* drove by us in St. James's Park, on Wednesday the 5th, returning from

Buckingham House, I was in the very act of receiving *Colonel Elliott's* personal assurance, that 'he never once thought of such a thing as disturbing *Mr. Fox's* re-election upon that, or upon any other, occasion'—a declaration to which I have endeavoured to render due homage in a series of publications headed '*Westminsteriana,*' previous to the first conflict between *Mr. G. Lambe* and *Mr. Hobhouse* in 1819.

On Thursday the 8th of February (1806) *Mr. Fox* wrote to me as follows.

'My writ is to be moved to-morrow, that is if there is 'a ballot, if not God knows when. Tell every member 'you see to go down to the ballot to-morrow. It is '*Middlesex,* but it is supposed to be all settled.

'Your's,

'*Thursday 6 o'clock.*' 'C. J. F.

Although, in order to constitute this ballot I made the best muster in my power, there were only 98 members in the House at five minutes before four o'clock on Friday the 7th. Finding the present *Earl of Harewood,* then *Mr. Lascelles,* and *Mr. Travanion,* late Member for Dover, in Mrs. Bennett's room, (both evidently shying the ballot,) I urged *Travanion* as an old friend to risk the ballot, assuring him that a Committee for Middlesex was mere matter of form—aiming my discourse at *Lord Harewood* without directly addressing him. His Lordship, with ineffable good nature said, '*he* would risk the shot, if *Travanion* would!' Both instantly ascended to the House, and had only gotten inside the door a few seconds before four o'clock. The writ was moved; and on the next day (the 8th of February) I received the following.

'DEAR O'B.

'Pray call here if you can immediately. Browning* 'says he cannot get the writ and that all the other writs 'are got to their proper destination. He is afraid that 'your over care may have caused this exception. By 'some strange fatality I forgot an advertisement. I sup- 'pose it will not be too late to get one into the evening 'papers. I will endeavour to get one ready by the time 'you come.

'Your's ever,

'*Downing St.* 20 *m past* 12.' 'C. J. F.

Among the hardships (almost as numberless and variegated as the trials of Job) to which my desire of being right myself and of making others so, too frequently exposed me in party concerns, the wish of saving the pockets of *Mr. Fox's* friends, by the prevention of useless waste of money in Westminster Elections, was not of the least or the most transient. Endeavours to counter-act the prodigal habits, in too many of his supporters, which the great contests of 1784 and 88 had generated, excited against me much male-volence. It was under impressions of this com-plexion that I wrote the following letter, previous to the re-election upon the vacancy caused by Mr. Fox's becoming a Minister in 1806.

'To the High Bailiff of Westminster, and to his Carpenter Mr. Glanville.

'Please to observe that, having delivered to you Mr. 'High Bailiff, a resolution, on Friday last, agreed to on 'the preceding evening, namely, on Thursday last the '6th instant, at a Committee of *Mr. Fox's* friends held 'at the Crown and Anchor tavern, which resolution is in 'these words,

"That it is the opinion of this Meeting that the "High Bailiff be informed, that this Meeting thinks

* The High Bailiff of Westminster.

" that the least expensive Hustings, consistent with " the safety and convenience of the Assemblage at " the place of Election, will be perfectly sufficient;"— ' having also, over and over, repeated the same thing to ' you Mr. High Bailiff—having distinctly stated to you ' *Mr. Glanville,* that I would go with you to the spot, and ' consult with you as to the erection of such a slight ' structure of boards as, without danger to the persons ' collected, may be necessary to an operation not likely ' to last more than one hour—you, *Mr. Glanville,* having ' made great progress in a Hustings which you guess at ' 300*l.* without having given to me the least notice of ' your being to commence the same—be so good, under ' all these circumstances, to observe that, *Mr. Fox* will ' not be answerable for any useless waste of money.

(Signed) ' D. O'BRYEN.

' *Craven Street, February* 11, 1806.'

After enclosing the above notice, for *Mr. Fox's* opinion, I instantly had it back with the following answer.

' Dear O'B.

' I entirely approve of your note; as I do assure you ' I have no inclination to be robbed.

' Your's ever,

' *5 o'clock.*' ' C. J. F.

Notwithstanding the above declaration of *Mr. Fox*, there were, among his Westminster supporters, who (with good intentions, but mistakenly as I humbly presume) deemed it for the credit of *Mr. Fox* ' to be robbed' in more than one way, upon his re-election as a Minister; although, in fact, he so far resembled Sir Francis Wronghead, that it would be some time before he could touch the first quarter's salary. At all events, the result of yielding to the gentlemen alluded to was this: *Mr. Fox's* re-election in 1806, (which was over in one hour) cost more, by upwards of £100 than

the contest of 1802, after a nine days' poll, —when I, sovereign lord and master during that conflict, permitted not the disbursement of one shilling not authorized by *myself*; and re-seated *Mr. Fox* for less than 300l. (the charges for the hustings excepted,) without stinting any necessary service.

Until Mr. *Fox* was re-elected, which happened to be on Thursday, the 13th of February, (1806) I forgot myself, my illness, and my interest. The antecedent ten months worsted me to the full amount of ten years ordinary wear and tear of the human anatomy. I was preparing to leave London for the Inn at Shooter's Hill, on Friday the 14th of February: viz. the day after Mr. *Fox's* re-election, when I received the following note:

'*Mr. Fox* wishes to speak to you at the office. He 'will be there soon after 11, and the sooner you can be 'there after that time the better. He begs you to send 'up your name as soon as you get there.

'Your's, &c.

'E. FOX.

'*Arlington Street, Friday Morning*, 10 *o'clock.*'

Though upon the preceding day (Thursday) on the hustings at Covent Garden, on the next day, (Friday,) I was unable to rise from my bed till evening. In my bed I received the above note from Mrs. *Fox*; and about two o'clock on the same day, still in my bed, the following from Mr. *Fox*.

'Dear O'B.

'Pray come as soon as you can, for I can have no ease 'of mind till I have seen you.

'Your's ever,

'*Downing Street, near 2.*' 'C. J. FOX.

The above two notes imply some interchange of communication between Mr. *Fox's* re-election on Thursday the 13th of February (1806), and the receipt by me of the above two notes on the next day, Friday the 14th, in my bed. Such implication is quite correct. There *was* such interchange of communication. The communications are extant; but they shall never be seen by any human eye, except, eventually, the eye of *Lord Holland.* In case his Lordship wishes to see a letter from *Mr. Fox* to me, written at a late hour on Thursday night, after returning to Arlington Street, from his re-election dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern, and my answer to the same at a still later hour of the same night—the perusal of both is at *Lord Holland's* command. I might probably comprehend *Mrs. Fox* as well as *Lord Holland* within the just stated exception; only that, if *Mrs. Fox's* memory be retentive, the impartment to that Lady, would, of all *possible* persons, be a work of *surplusage.* This, in the progress of my narrative, is the place for me to quote from a letter of my own to *Mr. Windham,* to which letter more allusion will be found in Part 2, (see page 22) the following words. 'Whatever may befal me, no provocation from any quarter shall ever tempt me to do other than exalt, as far as I can, the name and fame of him whom of the whole male creation, I loved next to heaven.'

Now to proceed.

Surprise had been expressed at the time of my appointment and has been often since repeated, that I should have accepted such an office as the Deputy Paymaster Generalship of the Forces, on the change of Ministry in February 1806. No vilification as to the rank of an office (in which

two brothers of a Duke were my predecessor and successor) is to be inferred from either that surprise in by standers, or from my allegation of its existence. The observation refers only to the unsuitableness of its salary to a nearly thirty years' toiler in the field of politics, as I had been. The fact, however, is that *Mr. Fox* meant that situation as a mere adjunct to other things; and, at all events, I had no alternative between taking it, or *disobliging Mr. Fox to the greatest possible degree.* From my bed I dictated a note to *Mr. Fox*, after I had received the above two billets—'that I was too ill to venture out of doors,'—to which note my servant brought back to me from the Foreign Office the following Letter.

"DEAR O'B.

'I will call in Craven Street, if possible, soon 'after five. I am vexed to the quick, yet cannot ac- 'cuse myself of any omission or neglect towards you. '*If you do not wish to disoblige me to the greatest possible* 'degree, let me intreat of you not to go out of town till 'you have accepted the Deputy Paymastership for *your-* '*self*, or authorized me to do so for you. I do not know 'whether Lord I. Townshend is in town, but it is impos- 'sible for W. H.* to have the place.

'Your's ever,

'*Downing Street, Friday.*' 'C. J. F.'

Friday meant Friday the 14th of February (1806) the day after *Mr. Fox's* re-election and the seventh day from his taking the seals of the Foreign Office.

On the coming of the above letter I got out of bed; and received *Mr. Fox* about the time he had fixed. Never was meeting—never was parting more

* W. H. was a friend of Mr. F.'s and mine, for whom I had suggested the place in question.

mutually affectionate. Liberties have been aken with the name of *Mr. Fox* in regard to my unprovided situation. But if the elements composing that judgment were analyzed, the goodwill to me of some among the most vehement of the Judgers would be found a mole hill—the malevolence to *Mr. Fox*, a mountain. Never had mortal the slightest sanction from me to venture upon such a criticism. In life or death, the only arbiters between *Mr. Fox* and me *were—are*—and *ever shall be* his eternally beloved memory—and my God.

Of all the subjects of the Crown of England there was only one man more deserving of compassion than *Mr. Fox*, upon his getting into government in 1806, and that man was—the humble writer hereof. Worried, harassed, persecuted with insatiate, indefatigable, inexorable importunities as *Mr. Fox* himself was, he, at all events, was a joint architect of the administration, and possessed his fair proportion of power. But *I* was a worm, destitute of all means of advancing others, or myself. Destructively however to my peace of mind, and *all but* fatally for my life, I was unfortunately deemed the best conduit to *Mr. Fox*. Before I proceed farther, I do here with a blistered memory, as fresh, (notwithstanding the interlapse of near fifteen years,) as if the scald was of yesterday—here, in this passage of my little work, I do, from my heart's inmost core, imprecate the curses of God upon pretenceless sporters of speculative applications. Had *Mr. Fox* been invested with all the patronage of all the cabinet, the totality of that patronage would not have been a mouthful for the remorseless cupidities by which he was circum-

valladed. Still *he* was a Minister; but the tortures visited upon *me* were wanton, dishonest, unfeeling and cruel. Even to the present hour I have no less than four-scores of letters, (aimed at *Mr. Fox*, but addressed to me,) of which I certainly never read more than the first paragraph. If, instead of utter incapacity for writing, I had been in robustious health, answers to so many supplications were out of the pale of possibility, for a man who was obliged to be his own secretary. From the hopelessness of answering all, I scarcely answered any. The infliction of wrong upon me is so habitual as to become almost matter of course. The most barbarous however, of all malignities was the accusation of *my* having heaped the baskets full of requisitions sent straightways to *Mr. Fox* himself, by the super-addition of those which came *to me*. *Never was charge more false.* Of the mass of solicitations to *Mr. Fox*, through me, I neither wrote, nor spoke, to him of more than the following *four*.

First, and chief, a command to me from the present King, to lay before *Mr. Fox* as soon as possible, the object of a friend of his then Royal Highness, which friend was himself the bearer to me of the Prince's message. Double duty was imperative regarding this Royal message. I faithfully delivered it:—*Lords Lauderdale* and *Holland* being at the time in the Secretary of State's chamber, but not within hearing. Secondly, I obtained from *Mr. Fox* an interview for the late *Mr. John Latouche*, without my knowing or asking *Mr. Latouche's* object. Thirdly, I did, at the earnest instance of a banking Firm, (from which Firm both *Mr. Fox* and I had in

past times derived pecuniary convenience) convey to *Mr. Fox* the anxiety of that Banking firm for having the office account of the Secretary for Foreign affairs. This third communication I could not consistently decline, although my own anticipations prepared me for an unavoidable preference in favour of the firm of Coutts and Co.—The fourth and final interposition on my part of any possible pursuit from any possible applicant, was that of a certain, or rather of an uncertain, nobleman, whose identification is impracticable, even if he were in the land of the living, for a rise in the Peerage. *Mr. Fox's* answer to my note, (for I was too ill to see him,) aids me for more than one purpose in the present crisis, and, therefore, the answer is inserted here. This letter was written on the 6th of March, (1806.)

'Dear O'B.

'I think as you do exactly about the election,* but it 'cannot now be prevented, nor, I fear, altered.

'I shall appoint a time to see Lord ——— as soon as I 'can, for half an hour, probably Friday or Saturday. 'You need not tell him so, but there are at least twenty 'Peerage Claimants whom I should prefer to him. '*Thank you, my dear O'B. for your patience in what re-* '*lates to yourself*; and be assured it will not be the worse 'for you, and if I have it in my power (which I still 'doubt) much better. What a fool that —— must be!

'Your's ever,

'*Downing Street, Thursday.*' 'C. J. FOX.

The above four comprehend *all* the applications from or through me to *Mr. Fox*, at the epoch of his ascent to power in 1806. The Westminster solicitants, alone, as may easily be imagined

* Referring to a country Election.

after six contests, and three re-elections, these would have maddened any common mind. All found their way *to*, or directed their missils *at*, the standing target in Craven Street, upon which but of the whole importuning world, there still remains a miserable entail of unsatisfied, insatiate askers ; and is sure to remain till the grave rescues the individual from all his persecutors. The dangerous, invidious, and thankless task, however, of saving *Mr. Fox*, was resolutely performed by me, whilst I continued near him. That '*I turned my back upon him*' has, I understand, been gravely imputed to me—Upon him whom I loved next to heaven—in whose hands my future destiny stood balanced! Gravely to answer such a charge would imply nothing less than complexity of stultification.

For the same reason which has induced me to print the preceding letter from *Mr. Fox*, I print the following from Mrs. Fox. It was written on the 6th of May (1806) and is a perfect index to *Mr. Fox's* feelings at that juncture.

'My Dear Friend,

'I have put off from day to day sending you my card, 'as I purposed having the pleasure of calling with it, 'but as we have been out of town since Saturday, and 'I am very busy for a few days to come, I send you the 'inclosed for fear you should make some other engage-'ment, and I should be greatly mortified not to see you. 'Believe me ever very truly your's,

'ELIZ. FOX.'

If any fair doubt upon this point remain, I do hereby invite such fair doubter to further and more decisive proof, that the sentiment which *Mr. Fox* expressed of me in the above letter of the 6th of March was the transcript of his heart, *to the close of his life.*

Upon the recovery of my own health, the health of *Mr. Fox* engrossed my whole attention. Obtaining the ready concurrence of *Lord Grey*, I convened some of *Mr. Fox's* friends (among whom were four of the Ministers) at the Admiralty; and exhibited two gentlemen to their joint, or separate investigation, (one being about the age of *Mr. Fox* himself, the other a clergyman, full four score) who had been cured of the dropsy by a *Nostrumist.* I rode, some hundreds of miles, to ascertain the cures of this practitioner. I procured a patient for him at Lambeth, and paid him, not scantily, for his experiment upon that patient. The meeting at the Admiralty, upon the suggestion of *Mr. Windham*, concurred in by Lords Lansdowne, Hastings, Grey, &c. advised that I should present the cured patients and state the results of my research to *Mr. Fox's* physicians. I did so fully, at Mr. Fox's house in Stable Yard.

Far, very far am I from blaming the Physicians for declining the co-operation of this *Nostrumist;* or questioning that *Mr. Fox's* malady was treated according to the most erudite principles of medical science. The science, however, did not save the patient. He died in not many days thereafter.

END OF PART I.

PART THE SECOND.

From the Death of Mr. Fox to the Spring of 1816.

The death of Mr. *Fox* took place, alas! upon the 13th of September, (1806.) In a few days after that sad event, a political adversary but a personal well-wisher of mine (a Member of Parliament and generally in office in Mr. *Pitt's* administrations) stated his regret at my position; warned me of certain disappointment from my post at the Cape; and advised me to ask for a particular situation which he described, being in the patronage of the Colonial Secretary of State, Mr. *Windham.* Circumstances, not to be here detailed, had for some time raised in me the mortifying fear that Lord *Holland* (whom I had known from his childhood and loved infinitely) was not my friend. Perhaps my conclusion was erroneous. Mr. *Rogers*, and poor *Sheridan* assured me that it was so. At all events, the sincerity of my apprehensions upon that point decided me upon the decease of Mr. *Fox*, to select Lord *Grey* (then Lord *Howick*) for my political leader. The only pact I made was—that if ever he, Lord Grey, should find me deviating upon any occasion, from that parent of all the virtues, *truth*, he should be at full liberty to renounce me; but, upon that most important of all points, that I should expect a perfect reciprocation. His Lordship instantly admitted the justice of the condition. Though

I had known Lord *Grey*, and had the honour of his company to dinner, *a little* earlier than his connection with Mr. *Fox*, I had known Mr. *Windham* longer than Lord *Grey*. Still I deemed it right not to apply to Mr. *Windham* without consulting Lord *Grey*. Upon mentioning to his Lordship the suggestion which had been so kindly made to me, Lord *Grey* desired me to write to Mr. *Windham* for the appointment; and to enclose my letter to him, Lord *Grey*. I immediately did so, taking no copy of the letter. From Mr. *Windham* I received no answer till the 9th of October. Mr. *Windham*, though in very civil terms, gave me a complete go by. Sensible how portentous to my interests would be the *principle* of Mr. *Windham's* decliner, should that principle become the fashion with his colleagues, I felt the vital necessity of replying to Mr. Windham's letter in much detail. Both those letters (Mr. *Windham's* of the 9th, and mine of the 10th of October (1806) ought properly to constitute an integral portion of this *second part* of my present work. The cruel continuation, however, of my illness having disabled me from commencing this pamphlet till Wednesday last the 15th instant (Nov. 1820) having from the moment I am now writing only a few days for completing my task, to be in time for my object, I am forced to choose between evils; and for the sake of some typographical convenience, to place those documents in an Appendix which should, else, be a part of my text. It is absolutely impossible to form a just opinion of my case without reading my reply to Mr. *Windham*. The letters alluded to compose the Appendix No. 1, and will be found in pages i. and ii. Again I declare it to be utterly impossible

to judge correctly of my case, unless by an accurate peruser of the documents contained in the said Appendix (No. 1.) The third letter in that Appendix refers to *all* that occurred in consequence of my long statement, dated the 10th of October (1806,) save the following short dialogue by accident in the street. O'B. 'Writing to me perhaps will embarrass you.' Mr. W. 'Not If I could communicate as I wish.' O'B. 'Is there any thing in my letter from which you dissent?' Mr. W. 'Not one word from the beginning to the end—only if I could get others'——

At the word 'others', Mr. *Windham* stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished; parted me shaking my hand; and bent his course, evidently musing. Whoever breaks faith with the dead is sure to be treacherous to the living. Mr. *Windham* involved nobody. All that took place I have stated; and that little all is the entire result of my letter of the 10th of October 1806. Although that letter has never before this juncture been in print, several persons have seen it. *Lord John Townshend, Lord Wm. Bentinck,* (the present Duke of *Portland* I believe, but am not quite certain,) the late *Sir Philip Francis,* by his *very earnest request,* the late *Sir Arthur Piggott*—all these have read the letter. The Lord Chief Commissioner *Adam,* and the late *Sir Home Popham* had each a copy of it.

No other notice than what I have described has ever been taken of that letter. My last effort for some reply (see the third letter in Appendix No, 1) was dated March 10th, 1807. We were all turned out in a short time after.

For many years of my early life I had received a succession of almost parental kindnesses

from the late *Duke of Portland.* In the fondness and familiarity of his intercourse with, and letters to me, all disparity between his gorgeous rank and my littleness was entirely forgotten. I have reason, however, to fear, though my intelligence was not from his Grace's own family, that the Duke sometimes suspected me of being the author of some of the attacks which were made upon him through the Morning Chronicle and other papers, between 1794 (the date of his disunion with *Mr. Fox*) and his re-assent to the Premiership in 1807. This *Bennettism*, though not productive to me of all the evils which have been caused by the attack made upon me in the House of Commons on the 17th of the last month, was *precisely as just* as the latter. I should as soon have plunged a poinard into the Duke's breast, as written even one irreverent line against him. Still his indisposition towards me during his *last* Premiership was as remarkable as his predilection during his *first*, in 1783,—an epoch at which the sudden overthrow of his government blasted all my well warranted expectations. Though owing no obligation to the Duke in his last administration I took a singular revenge upon his memory. In two or three days after his death, I gratified my own heart by that heart's sincerest testimonial to his virtues in as affectionate a biography as my small powers could compose—which article, though ephemeral, like all newspaper writing, had its share of notice at the time, and was unexpectedly followed by a *signal mark* of approbation from his noble son and successor. The present Duke's good will, as well as that of his brother *Lord William*, I believe I never lost. I am about to insert a proof (notwithstanding the

alienation at head quarters) of the then *Marquis of Titchfield's* wish to serve me.

Extract of a letter from the present Duke of Portland to me, dated the 17th of April, 1807.

'In consequence of what you write to me I will inform *Lord Castlereagh* that you have no longer any wish for the office in question.'

That office was no other than the identical office concerning which I could not obtain even an *answer* from the Ministerial Survivors of *Mr. Fox!*

The late *Sir Home Popham* was the oldest friend I had in this world; and his untimely fall is, indeed, an afflicting augmentation to my calamities. Indefatigableness in the interest of his friends was among the characteristics of *Sir Home Popham.* During the troubles of the *Duke of York* the activities of *Sir Home* were incessant. Habitually estimating my humble faculties far beyond their real standard, he took the utmost pains to induce my advocation in favour of his royal friend. A bundle of his letters towards that object is now before me. Without breach of confidence they might make a part of this pamphlet. But they would swell its bulk, in a crisis of great haste; and the purpose of printing them will be sufficiently accomplished by another document in this little work.

Reading, by mere chance, at this house, my letter to *Mr. Windham*, *Sir Home Popham* laboured, as zealously as if the cause was his own, to make *me* a partizan of the late *Lord Melville.* Though he failed in regard to both the Prince and the Peer, *Sir Home* made no secret of his contemplations. From his discourses sprung a rumour, which, like most rumours, had in it not

one particle of real fact. The monster of a hundred tongues dubbed me the '*Prime minister of* Lord *Melville*, to whom I was *betraying the secrets of Mr. Fox*;'—the Prime Minister of a Nobleman to whom I never opened my lips in all my life, but once,—to whom I never wrote a line in all my life; and from whom I never received one:—the betrayer of *Mr. Fox*, whom, (as far as I can utter the sentence without impiety) I would not betray to the Almighty. To this dreadful lie was added my supposed partizanship for the Duke of *York*.

It is among the charms of the *Lord Chief commisioner Adam's* kindness, that he can warn a friend, that a calumny is afloat against him, without involving the calumniator. He told me that he had heard the tale about Lord Melville whispered upon the opposition bench in the House of Commons; but he *committed nobody*: adding that he did not believe one word of the story. *Sir Home Popham* was setting off at that very time upon the *Walcheren* Expedition. Before his departure I obtained, without the least reluctance on his part, the attestation inserted in Appendix No. 4. p. xviii. I enclosed the attestation to *Mr. Adam*, at Wobourn. *Mr. Adam's* letter, franked from Wobourn, upon receiving it, will also be found in the same Appendix.

Closing this topic of slander, I beg to add, that any person into whose hands this pamphlet may come, is by me invited to see *Sir Home Popham's* letters respecting the *Duke of York*, as well as Lord *Melville*. To Lord *Melville* I could have rendered no benefit. Matters stood differently with the *Duke of York*. Undoubtedly I could have been of material use to his Royal Highness. I thought

his case a hard one. The depositary of his confidence betrayed him. An ordeal was applied to him by which not one of his accusers would consent to be tried himself. Why, then, did I resist the twenty times reiterated implorings of *Sir Home Popham* to follow up my own quite convinced opinion? My native sod,—the land of my birth,—*that* is my only answer. It is said of my country, that if the *Irish* head be well searched, the potatoe will infalliably be found, *somewhere*. When advocation of the Duke of York could not fail to have benefitted me, I put a gag into my pen. When the whole controversy subsided, and my interposition was almost thankless, I exposed the unfair measure which had been dealt to him. This my volunteering of the Royal Duke's cause was, in the Preface to the '*Regency Question*,' published in December, 1810, upon the coming on of his late Majesty's last illness, and being a republication of a former pamphlet upon the first occurrence of that malady, in 1788, written originally at the desire of the late *Duke of Portland*, before the arrival of Mr. *Fox* from Italy. In a couple of days after the re-publication alluded to (about Christmas 1810,) a person, of unsurpassed accuracy, within a quarter of an hour from a closet conference at Carlton House, thus addressed me in my own room: 'It is but a few minutes since I heard your virtual Sovereign utter this sentence: "*I shall never be able to shew my gratitude to O'Bryen for his resuscitation of the Duke of York.*" My informant then asked me, what I thought of restoring the Duke to the head of the army? My answer was, that 'I had, (as my querist well knew,) been the disciple of a master whose maxim it was—that

in public affairs, " a steady performance of duty was the only wise rule ; and to take the chance for popularity. His very enemies acknowledged the merits of the Duke in his *first* commandership in chief. Was it likely, after events, (then recent) that he would *deteriorate ?*"

Great was my pleasure at the royal Duke's re-instatement. But my experience saved me from disappointment, by the non-expectation of favour from—any quarter.

Mr. *Bennett* has put my character upon its universal defence. The mention of the little work of the ' *Regency Question*' reminds me of a passage in its preface which illustrates that character somewhat more truly than that honourable gentleman's invective against it on the 17th ult.

In the fire of youth, and the ardour of Foxitism, I wrote a pamphlet, exactly 38 years since, against the administration of the first *Marquis of Lansdowne.* Out of that publication grew an error which I was anxious to have corrected ; and which that Noble Person could, of all mankind, best rectify. *Mr. Jekyll,* with the good nature and sound judgment which never desert him, did not refuse to be the medium of my wish, to his high friend, a short time before his death ; and conveyed to me, with the prayed for correction of the stated error, so magnanimous an oblivion of all former heats, in the Noble Marquis's own hand, as could not fail to exalt that distinguished statesman in my admiration, while it filled my heart with gratitude. That gratitude I lived to manifest.

Panegyrics upon the living may be suspected ; but what advancement can be hoped from the dull cold ear of *death ?* The *saltem donis* accu-*

* *His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere.* VIRGIL.

mulem was *my* sincerely felt gratification, on the very day on which the noble Marquis breathed his last. Though universally profitless to me in every worldly sense was the metaphorical flower which, in a newspaper article, I scattered upon the coffin of the mighty dead; yet, that *inane munus* yielded an enjoyment to me so much the more defecated, that all the influence of the government, when that very illustrious personage presided at the head of it, could not, in me, its humble author, generate a kindred sentiment to the tribute which I gratuitously paid to him in the tomb. These are *not* the arts that win the goddess Fortune. But they are the surest paths to living in charity, and dying in peace.

Should it happen that Mr. *Bennett* is not satisfied with the proofs of confidence in Mr. *Fox* to me, contained in the preceding pages, Lord *Holland*, I apprehend, can furnish that Honourable gentleman with ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY further demonstrations to the same effect, in exactly the same number of letters from Mr. *Fox to me*, written as if one hand of the human body was communicating with the other, and by me delivered unconditionally to the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. Whilst I am candid to others, I must be just to myself. Universally mis-represented as I am, I really will not forbear a few, *perhaps* very necessary lines, upon the subject of the letters alluded to.

About eight or nine years since, in a confidential, and always kind, conversation about my private plagues, the Lord Chief Commissioner *Adam* expressed his own and the Duke of *Bedford's* anxiety respecting the possible fate of Mr. *Fox's* letters to me, in the event of my death, or of any

unexpected exposure of my unarranged papers. Though, at first, repugnant to the idea of parting with any thing from Mr. *Fox*, reflection soon made me sensible of the reasonableness of Mr. *Adam's* suggestion. My spirits, though naturally buoyant, were often very low. My liberty might be taken from me; and, pending its privation, a destructive inroad, upon what I valued millions of times more than furniture, may follow. The wishes of no two possible persons could impress me in a higher degree than those of the Duke of *Bedford*, and of Mr. *Adam* himself.

I immediately began a search for, and perusal of, Mr. *Fox's* letters. The operation occupied several days. I transmitted in successive parcels to the Lord Chief Commissioner every letter in any way affecting the character of any body whether alive or dead; retaining only those which concerned my own private circumstances, or literary criticism—the species of intellectual exercise in which Mr. *Fox* most delighted. Two incidents will convey to the reader some idea of the probable value of those letters, if I were capable of that supremest baseness—the trafficking upon confidential communications.

Mr. *Debrett*, the former bookseller, happened to call in here (as he does between whiles every year) while I was engaged in the assortment of the letters—with which my table was covered. Over the first that came to my hand, taken up promiscuously, I cast my eyes to see that it was a properly shewable letter. I asked Debrett what he thought might be the value of a biography, or such other work as he would credit me for the capacity of putting together, enriched with one

or two hundred letters (more or less like the one he had read) of Mr. Fox. I received the following sensible answer. 'If such a work were *my* property, I would print *ten thousand* before I sold *one*.'

The other incident is as follows:

While in the act of walking in a room at the Freemason's tavern, conversing with the Duke of *Bedford*, I felt my hand eagerly grappled by a person behind me, who uttered these words before I could disentangle my hand—'By G— I will shake hands with you whether you will or no.' This individual was Lord *Holland*, with whom I had had no intercourse since the first month of Mr. *Fox's* ministry; excepting a short note from me intimating the meeting convened at Lord *Grey's*, alluded to in page 19, and a long answer, delivered to me at the Admiralty, from his Lordship at the time of the said meeting. In some days after, mentioning this incident to Mr. *Adam*, the latter, apparently as by the authority of Lord *Holland*, explained Lord *Holland's* grapple and words as 'an emotion of thanks for the voluntary surrender, on my part, of *such* letters as those of Mr. *Fox* to me.' Again then I repeat —if Mr. *Bennett* is not by this time sufficiently satisfied of the *totality*, the *universal unreservedness* of Mr. *Fox's* confidence in me (Mr. *Fox's* friend) so handsomely treated by him (Mr. *Bennett*) in the House of Commons at its last meeting, I beg leave to refer him to the honour and justice of Lord *Holland* with the one hundred and forty proofs in his Lordship's hands. (I confess, however, that I was not aware of Lord *Holland* being the holder of the letters, until after the incident at Freemason's hall.)

The feelings of the Duke of *Bedford* were in perfect unison with those of Lord *Holland*, and of the Lord *Chief Commissioner*, respecting Mr. *Fox's* letters. The Lord *Chief Commissioner*, upon a journey with the Duke to the *Lincoln Fens*, sent a letter to me, the chief object of which was to convey the Duke's marked approbation of my conduct upon that occasion. The Duke himself reiterated to me the same sentiment. These commendations, however, were not *probitas laudatur et alget.* A solid succour came, in a few days after I had committed the letters to the Lord Chief Commissioner. Galloping to have this pamphlet ready before the meeting of Parliament on the 23d instant, (November 1820) I have not time to look out for the means of ascertaining the precise sum given towards the use of my pressures. From recollection, without written *data*, I think it was about three thousand pounds. Though my embarrassments soon absorbed the sum, it rescued the *Pœnates;* and warded off divers dangers that threatened those domestic divinities. It, however, was not *merely understood*, but expressed in *terms as unequivocal* as if drawn by a special pleader, that for this aid to my wretched concerns (applied by the beneficent hands of the Lord Chief Commissioner) I *was to owe no obligation to any mortal.* Never were words more clear than those upon this point of the Lord Chief Commissioner. I therefore forestal any observation from Mr. *Bennett*, or from any other enemy, by repeating, and referring to, the distinctly delivered authority of that most accurate and admirable of men, (Mr. Adam.) That I was considered *as conferring* a favour—not *receiving one.*

Oh! Mr. *Bennett*, to what heart-breaking disclosures do you not compel me!

English creditors, when just and legal, are generally reasonable and lenient. Usurers and fraudulent claimants, always oppressive, are the general fillers of prisons. From honest *bona fide* demandants, I protest before heaven that I have suffered more since Mr. *Bennett's* assault upon me, on the 17th of the last month, than during my whole long anterior life of straits. Usury and law costs are the bane of the distrest. A blood sucker of this description deprived me of my liberty in 1813. What course I should pursue was a question of life or death. Whilst living at the London Coffee House (within the liberty of the Fleet) a child was born to me. This charge decided me to look up to heaven, instead of looking down at the grave. In 1814 I took the benefit of an act!! In the next year (1815) my persecutor sued me on pretence of having acquired *new property*. As matter of course, the usurer was entitled to a verdict. He suddenly seized my furniture, of which my just creditors never once thought of dispossessing me. Three of my creditors went security to the Sheriff. The Sheriff turned out the usurer. The usurer brought an action against the sheriff. Upon the trial *new* property was proved, viz. the coals in the cellar, a carpet, some bottles of wine, a little crockery-ware, and the provisions in the larder. For these articles the Jury gave a verdict for £40. The usurers demand was near £1400. He again came into possession as for *new* property. The sheriff, always interested in all sales, no longer assisted me. The goods were advertised for sale, and a bill, in my absence, put upon my

windows. Such, *exactly*, was my plight in April, 1816; when a political adversary, but a personal well-wisher, saved me from being put into the street at the age of 61.—*All the stored blessings of benignant heaven light for ever upon him and upon his.* Yet, even in the extremity which I have described, perhaps I should not have had the courage to do what is termed '*changing sides*,' only for an incident that happened in *Paris*, about six months before.

The reader has seen that from the month of October, 1806, to the dissolution of the government, on the 31st of March, 1807, I could not obtain even an *answer* to my suit from the Ministerial survivors of Mr. *Fox*. My determination to follow Lord *Grey* was thwarted by some uncomfortable circumstances regarding the Rochester election. I wish to bury all topics of irritation in oblivion, and shall therefore only say, that, in place of seeing Lord *Grey* frequently at the Admiralty, as had been my wont, I felt it right, (whether mistakenly or otherwise,) not to trouble his Lordship with any call, forth from the month of November, 1806. Except in discharging my duties at the Pay Office, I really had no more to do with the Government, for some *months* previous to its termination, than with the government of China.

In August, 1815, a passion seized me for seeing *Buonaparte's* galleries at the *Louvre*. 'To a man of my kidney,' chance itself presented not even a possibility of ever seeing, in their native regions, the wonderful works of art then centered in *Paris*—after their removal. But, to compass a jaunt even to *Paris!* My old and excellent friend, Mr. *Dawkins*, the Member for Hastings, had, in

consequence of the recent death of his father, just succeeded to the rich inheritance of his honourable family. Though I was aware that he had, himself, been 'biting upon the bridle,' for above a quarter of a century, and could not upon his accession, be free from heavy burthens, yet I knew his generous and truly noble heart. For the sum I asked (£185) Mr. *Dawkins* instantly enclosed a draft to me upon Mr. *Beeston Long*. Leaving, as I *had hoped*, the *Foces and Lares* in Craven Street in probable safety, I reserved the sum which I had calculated as sufficient for my *Paris* excursion. After being a full month in that fine capital, I forgot that I had not seen *Talma* in *Ducie's Hamlet*. In return to a message by a common friend, that great actor sent me word that 'he should certainly play the part.' Day passed after day, and *week after week*, but no *Hamlet*. I went, myself at length to Mr. *Talma*. I found that the delay was owing to *Talma's* endeavouring to obtain the Opera-house for the play, which he had resolved to get up for his own benefit. By means of a high nobleman at court, the Opera-house was granted; but then the Duke of *Wellington* (who had gone a considerable distance to an *Austrian* review) was waited for. The play at last was represented; but its repeated protractions put my exchequer *out at the elbows*. Musing, upon the *Boulevards*, as to the mode of supplying my reduced means, who, of the whole human race, did I meet, but the Duke of *Bedford*, with one of his sons, (Lord *John Russell* I believe) to whom his Grace introduced me. Parting, after the kindest greetings, I went home, persuaded that the Duke was 'sent from heaven' to relieve me. I wrote a

short letter to his Grace, beginning with this quotation—*Fuit homo missus a Deo cui nomen erat* JOHANNES. I stated the cause of my exhaustion —that a very little would answer my purpose; but that I wished to purchase some literature and expensive music (not then in print) with a view to the English stage—not for my own luxury; and that *one hundred pounds* would accomplish *all* my objects. The Duke sent to me a most kindly worded answer* but *not a shilling of money*. Poor *General Mathew* was not quite so well provided, *by a few acres*, as his Grace—yet the General, cheerfully lessening his little, effected all my wishes.

The wronged, it is said, are never forgiven. Though I have the allegation only at *third* hand, yet are the progressive channels, through which that allegation has come to me, *so* unlikely to misreport *any* thing, that I fully credit the following—to wit, that, at a conversation between Lord *John Russell*, Mr. *G. Bennett*, &c., on the one side, and Lord *Castlereagh* with a couple of his Lordship's friends on the other side, in an anti-room at the House of Commons on the 17th ult. (the day of Mr. *H. G. Bennett's* attack upon me) Mr. *Bennett, to me*, (D. O'B.) was gentleness *itself*, in comparison with the stouter, sterner, and more stentorophonic hostility of Lord *John Russell*—of the young nobleman who happened to be under the arm of his illustrious father, on the *Boulevards* of *Paris*, at the rencontre above alluded to, in October, 1815.

Well; do I designate the Duke of *Bedford's* refusal to assist me with the means of returning

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* See Appendix, No. 7.

to London from Paris, at that time, as *a wrong?* Had not the Duke of *Bedford a right* to do as pleased him? I should only say, in reply to such a position, that with *him*, '*wondrous him*,' that same Mr. *Fox*, in reverence for whose memory the noble father of Lord *John Russell* and I, (in my miniature,) are quite concordant,—with *him* it was more than a rule, it was an *aphorism*, that '*every right*, pushed to extremity, became a *wrong*.' Had the Whig party been recalled to power, and reluctance been manifested to the performance, in my favour, of Mr. *Fox's demonstrable* intentions, the Duke of *Bedford* would have been the *very first* man from whose interposition I should have sought for Justice.

I am one who pretend to never forgetting any favour. A sufferer from, and a suffering witness to, the almost perpetual ingratitude of base mankind, it is among the foremost of my prides to hope that I bear no similitude, in this relation, to the herd of my species. I owe obligations, the sense of which is indelible, to the Duke of *Bedford* for important kindness, in *Dublin*, to my ill-starred brother, now no more. The Duke of *Bedford* was, is, and ever shall be, an object of my respect and attachment. Yet, without entering further into any analyzation of his Grace's declining, in a foreign land, to enable me to return to my own, I have only to declare, that the lights flashed upon my understanding by *that decliner*, have more decided the political direction by which I shaped my course, in April, 1816, than could all my vexations, not only united, but augmented twenty fold—did the scope of man's misery admit of such augmentation. My opinion of that refusal by the Duke of *Bedford*, may be inferred

from this fact:—that, under a notion that the circumstance would not tell in favour of his Grace, I never mentioned it to *any human being* before this moment,—and, even now it is extorted from me, by the conduct, to me, of his Grace's son, Lord *John Russell*, and of his Grace's nephew, the Honourable *H. G. Bennett.**

Now, then, behold the stigmatised '*apostate*' of the said Mr. *Bennett.*

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* See in Appendix, No. 7, my Letter to his Grace, written a day or two after the refusal, &c. &c.

PART THE THIRD.

From 1816 *to the Present Day.*

It was my intention to insert, in this third division of my hurried pamphlet, all possible passages from all that I had written since April, 1816, wherein I had mentioned the Opposition, generally, or any individual of that body, in particular. The task, however, is impracticable. Illness so retarded me, that not a single page of this work was written till Wednesday the 15th inst., (November, 1820.) I am now holding my pen late at night, on Tuesday the 21st of November. I must finish my job by to-morrow, or give it up entirely. The bare perusal of the articles alluded to is, in the interval, impossible. Still more impossible would be the making of extracts. My traducers shall, however, be enabled to satisfy themselves of these two truths,—first, that I never mentioned the Opposition, properly so called, otherwise than respectfully. Secondly, that I never talked of any individual, among the number, without courtesy; and, (if the individual happened to be of Mr. *Fox's* personal friends,) without denotations of esteem and regard. Excepting a letter signed *Videns*, addressed to the Marquis of Lansdowne, (to which Nobleman I have other letters to address, upon subjects wholly apart from politics, and contemplating the benefit of my fellow creatures upon other points,)

excepting that letter, almost every article of my writing has been signed by some of the letters, or by an anagram of the letters, composing my Christian name,—and *by no other*. The flashy, factitious writing, signed *Hambden*, which Mr. *Bennett* has attributed to me, shews what a perfect judge Mr. *Bennett* is of *styles*. By the flummery of the Morning Post to that writer, it would seem as if the Editor either knew, or thought him to be, a person of condition. Were *Hambden* of ducal dignity, I pronounce him, not the less, a being destitute of humanity and taste, —he who, in a letter to Mr. *Bennett*, published in the Morning Post, on the 26th ult. could not indulge his vituperations of Mr. *Bennett*, without going out of his way to vilify *me*,—me who never could have offended the unknown, and who was confined to my bed at the time that writer displayed his malignity against me.

But though the extracts from my essays are neither compatible with the expedition I aim at, nor with the growing bulk of this pamphlet, I have just this moment accidently laid my hand upon a *second* article regarding the ' *Dismissal* of Lord *Fitzwilliam*,' of the existence of which I was not myself aware till within a few minutes. The reader will find it in Appendix, No. 6. The essay is a fair sample of my mode of opposing my old friends ; and, perhaps, may lesson Mr. *G. Bennett* into less vivacity when pronouncing upon writings and writers. It is well known that the present government make it their glory to be the scholars of Mr. *Pitt*. In mentioning that great man, as I have, scores of times, mentioned him, (generally with Mr. *Fox*) in the last four years, am persuaded I never offended any liberal member of the present administration in uniformly

placing the name of Mr. *Fox* foremost. A traitor to one party cannot be either faithful or useful to another. If Mr. *Bennett* can trace in any thing *really written by me*, 'either lie or libel, dereliction of principle, or oblivion of friendship;' he has my full consent to expose me at market crosses; but oh! Mr. *Bennett*, do not charge me with the acts of others. Had any violater of the law deposed that Mr. *Fletcher* had knocked at *your* door and been admitted, (which he, or any other man might be by one of your maids) how loud would be your complaint, how just your indignation at the inference of participation from such a premise. Instead of presuming innocence till guilt is proved, you rush to a conclusion of guilt, in defiance of all the principles of reason, logic, and law. But Mr. *Bennett* shall speak for himself.

The following is copied by the undersigned from the Papers of October 18, 1820.

Extract of the Hon. H. G. BENNETTS'S Speech.

TIMES.

"Men like O'Bryen, into whose house Mr. Franklin had been traced—apostates who, by acts of more than common infamy, were working out the crime of having once held better principles, and associated with better men. He believed that the two letters to Earl Fitzwilliam, which had appeared in the Morning Post, and for which he wished with all his heart a prosecution had been instituted; he believed that those letters had been the production of that same man, O'Bryen. Such were the men who edited those infamous newspapers which daily insulted the good feeling of the country," &c.

MORNING HERALD.

No allusion to Mr. O'Bryen.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Franklin was traced, it appeared, into the house of Mr. Denis O'Bryen, whose intercourse with some of the

Ministers the Noble Lord would hardly venture to deny. Yet Franklin was the connection of this person, who had aggravated the turpitude of his apostacy by the foulest and most unprincipled attacks upon the character of those gentlemen with whom he was at former times permitted to enjoy some society, while he affected to concur with them in political opinion. Two scurrilous letters, which were some time since addressed to Lord Fitzwilliam in the Morning Post, and which he was sorry the Noble Lord had not prosecuted, he understood could fully be proved to be the production of this O'Bryen. Of such a man Franklin was a worthy colleague in this base confederacy, the main object of which had for some time been to depreciate the character, to wound the feelings, to aggravate the sufferings of a woman, and that woman a Queen." (Hear! hear! hear!)

BRITISH PRESS.

"He was far from charging any of the Departments with these practices, but might they not have friends and agents, who might see reasons for believing that such things would be serviceable to their patrons? Such men as this Franklin, and the other man, O'Bryen, into whose house the other had been tracked, might readily be brought to undertake such an office. Some of them might thus endeavour to clear themselves from the suspicions with which their apostacy from liberal principles might oppress them. He thought he could trace in the envenomed wickedness of the papers read by his honourable friend (Mr. Hume) the spirit which dictated those foul and abominable letters which had been addressed to Lord Fitzwilliam in the Morning Post; the writer of which he wished the Noble Earl had prosecuted at the time."

MORNING POST.

"Government profited by this species of alarm; and, though the Heads of Departments were not, as the Noble Lord assured them, concerned in this black and nefarious practice, was it not probable that their underlings, runners, and agents would promote that which was advantageous to their principals? Might they not

expect that such men as this O'Bryen was described to be, might have, besides other inducements, the principles of apostacy to stimulate them to acts which would work out the shame of it? Connected with newspapers, they would write those articles which were daily seen to issue from the press. He believed that the letters to Earl Fitzwilliam, which had appeared in the Morning Post, were so written by him (Mr. O'Bryen.) He thought this capable of proof."

NEW TIMES.

"He had no doubt that there were persons of that stamp connected with the editors of newspapers, and one whose name he could not immediately recollect (O'Bryen he believed) had written the letters addressed to Earl Fitzwilliam, to which he had before alluded, inserted in the Morning Post. It was impossible without shuddering to read the infamous and wicked attempts that were made by persons of that description, joining a most foul conspiracy to run down a woman, and that woman the Queen of Great Britain."

The above has been copied by me from the different newspapers, and I answer for its literal exactness.

I. C. MICHELL.

18, *Queen Square, Bloomsbury.*

Compared the above extracts with the original newspapers, which are correct as far as they go.

Chancery Chambers. G. PERNO.

Such, and upon *such* a foundation, is *my* treatment from a gentleman who calls himself a *Foxite*.

Have I ever injured or offended Mr. *Bennett?* *Never*. Independent of my incapacity for personal disparagement of any body, I could not, in descanting upon Mr. *Bennett*, forget that he is the son of Lord *Tankerville*, and the brother of Lord *Ossulston;* but it so happens that I never have once written down the name of Mr. *Bennett*, in all my life, except for this pamphlet. The reader

will therefore judge for himself, whether a more gratuitous attack was *ever* made upon any human being than Mr. *Bennett's* upon me! and whether any human being *ever* less deserved it.

I think that I now might leave Mr. *Bennett* to the settlement of this account with his conscience. It may however help to tranquillize that conscience, to be in possession, as now it shall be, of

THE EFFECTS OF MR. BENNETT'S ATTACK UPON MR. O'BRYEN.

All the world reads the Parliamentary debates. There is not a channel of publication in the country which has not diffused the attack of Mr. *Bennett.* So confined has been the circulation of the few lines which that attack has drawn from me, that I doubt not Mr. *Bennett* has had fifty thousand readers for my one reader. My appeal to the *liberality* and to the *liberty* of the Press, was nearly barren. Beyond the few papers mentioned in Appendix No. 2, p. ix, I could not obtain the least insertion. That the whole Press was entirely *Bennettised* is not my conclusion. The newspaper Gentlemen are better informed upon newspaper subjects than Mr. *Bennett* is. The newspaper article copied in Appendix No. 3, p. xv, I take to have been the true solution of the general Press being impervious to *me.* That article was *well known* to be mine. Its closing passage is not calculated for cultivating newspaper favour. It is, however, full *as much so* as its author intended.

Never sure, was any community so newspaper ridden as is the English. Never was that truth more clearly evinced than by the results upon *my* concerns of Mr. *Bennett's* attack. There was scarcely any person with a colourable claim of debt, that did not fall upon me. The resurrection of the dead could scarcely be more surprising

to me than are some of those demands. Harassed, insulted, persecuted, every hour of every day since the 17th of the last month, the accumulated troubles brought upon me by Mr. *Bennett* would be sufficient to bear down both my mind and body, were both in plenitude of vigour and health. That I still *breathe*, under my present infirmities, is amazing to myself. The instance which I shall now relate is a perfect picture of my *general* predicament. Oh! Mr. *Bennett! What* developments you have imposed upon me!!

To Messrs. *Cappers*, coal merchants of Beaufort Buildings, I owed a Judgment debt of between three and four hundred pounds, and a book debt for coals. In gradual payments I reduced the Judgment debt to £174. Though in 1814 I was freed from this claim, a point of honour induced me to reassume a legal responsibility for the money. The attorneys in the cause are Messrs. *Palmer* and *France*, of Bedford Row; persons of excellent character, as, indeed, their clients are. The demand has been due *many years*, but the goodness of *Palmer* and *France* preserved me from all molestation. Both clients and attorneys became suddenly *Bennettised.* Mr. *Palmer* is annually chosen under Sheriff for Sussex; which function brings him into frequent contact with the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of *Egremont. Palmer* and *France* are also his Lordship's London solicitors. *I know* that Messrs. *Palmer* and *France* read the newspaper article published last year, (see Appendix No. 2, p. xii.) in which I illustrated the Lords *Fitzwilliam* and *Egremont* by their congenial virtues. That article, so unexpectedly revived the other day, was not likely to displease any connection of Lord *Egremont's*—but *Bennettism* bore the ascendant.

In a few days after Mr. *Bennett's* attack upon me, these otherwise the most lenient attorneys I ever met with, suddenly sent an execution into my house for the £174; AND arrested me for the book debt of Messrs. *Capper* (£80.) for which these latter had never even furnished me with a bill. The sheriff's officer, thinking he saw death in my countenance, said—'Whatever happens, Sir, I shan't take you away.' 'Even butchers weep.' The man in possession has cruelly teized and pillaged me. I implored a respite from his vexations only until after the 23d—stating, that my undisturbed mind was never so essential to me as this week. He has tortured me more in the last four days than in the whole antecedent four weeks.

But these are trifles compared with *other* effects of Mr. *Bennett's* kindness to me.

It has been my comfort through life, that I had laid the *fastest* hold of those who knew me *best*. Mr. *Fox* knew me. Mr. *Burke** knew me.

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* I made the fortune of *Doctor Lawrence*—unknown to the Doctor. That Prince of prose writers, *Mr. Burke*, informed me in *a beautiful letter* from Beaconsfield, that he selected me, of all mankind to assist himself and the other *Managers* for the Commons in the arrangement of the papers necessary to the Impeachment against *Mr. Hastings*. I declined the proffer by the same post; giving as a reason that I had not industry sufficient for the undertaking. *Mr. Burke* wrote back to me that 'he would not allow me to commit such a suicide.' He detailed to me the benefits and honours to which my acceptance of his proposition could not fail to lead—gave me three days to pause; and fixed a meeting with me at the end of the three days, at *Mr. Adey* the Banker's. I wrote by return of post *a decisive decliner*; which irked *Mr. Burke greatly*. *Mr Sheridan* recommended *Mr. Lawrence*—at that time unknown to every member of the Whig party, except *Mr. Sheridan* himself. No man ever better deserved his elevation than *Mr.* (afterwards Doctor) *Lawrence*—but he indubitably owed his advancement to my—*indolence*.

Poor *Sheridan* knew me. The Lord Chief Commissioner knows me. I was in hopes that by degrees Lord *Liverpool* and Mr. *Canning* would know me—(Lord *Liverpool*, with whom I had the honour of something like a salutation acquaintance nearly since his Lordship's entrance upon public life—Mr. *Canning*, whom I had known from a stripling long before he left Eton) and my faith is absolute that I should accomplish an exchange of my mockery of an office at the Cape for something efficient—but for the light in which I had been exhibited to the world by the son of Mr. *Fox's* near neighbour and friend, the Earl of *Tankerville*—such exhibitor being also the nephew of the Duke of *Bedford*. I have not seen a single person connected with the government since Mr. *Bennett's* attack upon me. My plight, in respect to the only two Ministers whom I looked to, will be gathered from the following fact.

Mr. *Canning* has a private secretary worthy of *such* a Principal. Than the gentleman in question, (Mr. *Backhouse*) this island contains not a man of better sense or manners. I lately sent one letter, and only one, to Mr. *Backhouse*—that gentleman of not surpassed manners and good sense—*returned my letter by my messenger*—UNOPENED!

From the few friends of which Mr. *Bennett* has *not* deprived me, I learn, that I have not read a tenth part of the libels published against me; and I understand that Lord *Castlereagh* is constantly bemired in conjunction with *my* name. His Lordship, however, has comparitive youth, health, wealth, power. In all these relations I am the Noble Lord's exact *antipode*. *He* despises libellers. *I* owe

a duty to that liberty of the press which I have long used without once abusing, and shall assuredly make twelve Englishmen, upon their oaths, decide between my traducers and myself—being *quite certain* that they are the most fatal enemies to that most valuable of all rights, who give a practical impunity to libellers. To Lord *Castlereagh* I never opened my lips, nor ever wrote one line, except upon the concerns of the Irish Charity—to which institution the Noble Lord is a most bountiful benefactor; and with regard to Lord *Sidmouth*,—I never exchanged a syllable or a line with his Lordship,—in my whole life.

A *Benettised* mob rushed before my house upon the illuminations; but, perceiving that I out blazed all my neighbours, the sage gentlemen contented themselves with a few *Bennettisms*—in piano cadence. The escape, however, of the windows, of the house, and of the house-keeper, was not attributable to Mr. *Bennett*. When I first heard of the charge, on which Mr. *Bennett* has so much improved, I literally *published* myself. Until sickness struck me down, I got daily on horseback. I rode to Bow Street. I went to public amusements. I stood at my windows contrary to my custom. I kept the windows unshuttered till ten each night. By these means I saved wretches from perjury,* and myself from persecution.

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* Since the above was printed, a Bill of Indictment for conspiracy with Mr. *Fletcher* has been found against me. On the back of the Bill are *thirteen* names, to me *entirely unknown*, except the two first—viz. Mr. *Joseph Hume*, M. P. (*with whom I never exchanged one word*,) and Mr. *Charles Pearson* (*whose face I never beheld* until, on the 10th of October last, he accompanied *Viccary* in search of Mr.

To the law I look for redress upon my non-parliamentary enemies; but no law can touch upon a Member's privilege of speech. And, oh God, what an use of a glorious public right to employ it for private wrong and ruin!

Fletcher, under the name of *Franklin*—a name unknown in my house. These 13 names are, besides Messrs. *Hume* and *Pearson*, as follows:—Arthur Seale,—Joseph Martin,—Ann Jones,—Martha Shear,—Wm. Turner,—James Brown,—William Harris,—Andrew Shear,—Richard Wild,—John Jones, and John Hockley.

Of the existence of these persons I was unaware till this incident occurred. *I am not conscious of having ever seen any one of them.* I hope good men will assist me in this conflict with bad men. *Pendente lite*, I can only leave it to discerning men to draw their own inferences from the fact of a bill being found upon the *ex parte* swearing of 13 persons, *totally unknown to the defendant.*

This Bill was found on Monday last, the 27th of November 1820, at 5 o'clock in the evening. *Before* 9 *o'clock at night* I had returned home, together with my two neighbours, who bailed the action. All, (beside the above) that has been newspapered upon this occasion, is the usual misrepresentation of every concern of mine.

Previous to the Term, just expired, my adversaries well knew that I retained Messrs. *Scarlett*, *Gurney*, and *Bolland*. Until the third week of Term, illness totally disabled me from all legal preparation towards legal redress of my countless wrongs. Since I have been so far recovered as to hold a pen, this pamphlet has so entirely engrossed me that the whole Term has been unavoidably lost to me. Though the pace of Justice be slow, its steps are steady. I *studiously* avoid the course pursued by my enemies, that of constantly striving to influence the course of law by an illicit use of the press.

If *the rest* of mankind combined to set up a fourth Estate in this Constitution, *I* shall be no party to such an usurpation. I distinctly refuse to plead to any other jurisdiction than the legal tribunals of my country. Those tribunals I shall neither offend by obstruction, nor outrage by premature contraband publication—even though I am the victim of lies and libels—*unparalleled.*

December 2d, 1820.

Here I take leave to say, that I believe I have not one political enemy, out of the pale of Radicalism, who has not been procured by devotion to Mr. *Fox*, or some other virtue on my part. If the King himself is indisposed towards me, I fear I could not make even His Majesty an exception. I never did any thing that should attract His Majesty's lightest censure. He never expressed or conveyed any wish to me which had not been instantly and reverently obeyed. An incident occurred between seventeen and eighteen years since which I fear had made an impression to my disadvantage when it ought to have produced a contrary result. The incident was very extraordinary; and my understanding instructs me that this is a fit occasion to refer to it.

About nine o'clock at night, in the Addington administration, the late Sir *John McMahon* called upon me. 'I come, at this strange hour, by order of the Prince. His Royal Highness has been told that a meeting has taken place between Mr. *Fox* and Mr. *Pitt*. He has chosen *you* as an intelligencer, certain that you are the likeliest to know the fact and to tell the truth.' 'The truth then is, my dear M'Mahon, that I know nothing of the matter; but I will enquire; and faithfully report to his Royal Highness.' I went directly to Mr. *Fox*, then at the hotel in Berkely Square, and after the departure of Lord *Fitzwilliam*, who came in at my heels and stopped an hour, was instructed in these words. 'You must write to Carlton House and say that the Prince has been misinformed.' I did so, without loss of time.

If that answer—the only one which good faith to Mr. *Pitt* admitted, has hurt me in the

present King's opinion, never was greater injustice; for I was not, myself, undeceived till the 24th day of January, 1806—the day after Mr. *Pitt's* death—as before stated.

I now have done.

Mr. Bennet, without offence or injury from me, has proved himself my deadliest enemy. It is in his power to repair it in *some* degree, *to-morrow*—at the meeting of the House of Commons.

I recollect that Mr. *Bennett* came over one day from Walton to St. Ann's Hill, accompanied by Lord *Erskine*. Having avoided all intemperance throughout this pamphlet, I will finish it with quoting, for Mr. *Bennett's* guidance, the most beautiful sentence that ever fell from the lips of that eloquent Peer. Speaking of Lord *Mansfield*, in the Court of King's Bench about 20 years since, Lord Erskine said, 'Boundless as my admiration always was of that illustrious judge, I never surveyed him with so much reverence, as when I have seen him, upon that bench—sitting in judgment upon his own imperfections.' If Mr. *Bennett* regards his universal error respecting me *as* an imperfection—I trust, the example of Lord *Mansfield* will not be lost upon him.

DENIS O'BRYEN.

21, *Craven-Street,*
November the 22nd, 1820.

P. S. *Though I trust that this pamphlet contains a sufficiency for my obvious purpose, I assure the reader that I have not put forth* HALF MY STRENGTH.

APPENDIX.—No. 1.

(Copy.)

The late Right Honourable William Windham to Mr. O'Bryen.

'*October* 9th, 1806.

'Dear Sir,

'When I tell you that I received your letter at Norwich, and that I am now in my third journey since that time, you will not wonder, that I should have been obliged to delay my answer longer than I could wish. As so much of your letter related to an election, I may say that to answer it in my circumstances, was something like what Congreve describes, 'writing of a storm in a storm.' My answer in the first instance must have all the uncertainty that belongs to a total ignorance on my part of the nature of the object, and of the fact of its being at my disposal; but you will feel moreover that upon the same principle on which our departed friend was so anxious to serve you, there must be many, whose wishes, and perhaps wants, I must feel myself not inclined merely, but bound to attend to; and the opportunities which I have had or am likely to have for that purpose, are not such as will admit my passing over any that may for some time come into my power.

'No one will be more ready to feel the force of this principle than yourself, and you will as easily conceive that the operation of it may not be consistent with my indulging in this instance, either my wishes towards you personally, or the respect I should feel for the wishes of our late friend.

'It may not, however, be very necessary, at the present moment, to adjust nicely the proportion of the considerations that might weigh on one side or the other, the fact first to be ascertained will be, whether the place, whatever may be its value, is at my disposal, and whether it be compatible with the one which you at present have, and which Lord Howick was willing to hope was far from an unprofitable one. I can only say in the mean time, that it will not be from want of good wishes personally to yourself, or of a sense of those sentiments, which you have seemed at different times to manifest towards me, if in the present, or in any other instance, I should forbear opportunities, where it might seem to be in my power to be of service to you.

'I am, dear Sir,

'Your very obedient and faithful humble servant,

'W. WINDHAM.'

No. 2.

(Copy.)

Mr. O'Bryen to the Right Honourable William Windham.

'*Craven Street, October, 11th*, 1806.

'Dear Sir,

'I return to you my thanks for the honour and the favour of your letter, dated the 9th instant, which has just been delivered here. I persuade myself that there is a sentiment of good will towards me, pervading every part of the letter; and that persuasion both soothes and flatters me. No doubt you have abundance of clients for the widest range of your possible patronage. Even if I had, what I do not in the least pretend to, a right of importuning you, your conversation never coped with one less likely to push it, than your present correspondent. Indeed, I am the victim of quite a contrary turn of mind. The object of my application was suggested to me by a kind-hearted stranger. In whose gift it lay I knew not; but took the liberty of thinking that whoever had the disposal of it might not deem it unadvisable to oblige me, either in a relation purely personal, or generally, in relation to the Government as it stands. That the incumbency of serving me might lie more in other quarters, I am not disposed to contest; but this admission does not exclude, as I humbly conceive, the possible co-existence of claims on my part, of duties to me from, the surviving members of the administration. When Mr. Fox characterized me as a man with whom 'he could permit no competition on the score of merits, as one, in favour of whose merits he could sign a *charte blanche*,' the merits to which he alluded were public and political. Personal affection he might have had from me, perhaps in as great a proportion as one breast ever felt for, or imparted to, another; but it most clearly was to my exertions in favour of the party I was connected with that he, chiefly, adverted, when he thus described me. Are those exertions matters of privacy?

'May I, my dear Sir (the question not implying any dissent from the general reasonings or distinctions of your letter, and the question being put to you, only, plurally, as a member of the Cabinet) may I, then, with all becoming submission, ask, whether my services are so entirely a secret, my utilities so exclusively confined to one person, that the tomb which contains his ashes is the proper boundary of my hopes?

'There are many peculiarities in my misfortune, and not one of the least is, that unless I speak of myself I fear I shall want a historian. Against my will, and against the rules of

taste, then, am I compelled to a certain portion of egotism, which I feel quite sure you will think the situation I am in abundantly excuses.

'Will it sound extravagant, when I venture to tell you, that I pretend to nothing less than this, that I have done more to serve the persons constituting the present cabinet—that I have done more to produce a general conviction that the public salvation depended upon their being put at the head of the government, then ALL the persons provided for, by ALL the ministers, since the period of their kissing hands!! Than ALL; ALL PUT TOGETHER.

'You are a man of a benevolent mind, and the whole world knows you to be amongst the ablest of mankind. Never did you perform an act of greater charity, than it will be to convince me that I am in a delusion upon this point.

'The 24 years' labour that preceded the junction of Mr. Fox and of Lord Grenville shall go for nothing. The beginning of that interval was marked by a circumstance which your memory will retrace, viz. that a work of mine had been attributed to you, as it had also been to Mr. Fox, ('Garth did not write his own dispensary') a work which was the occasion to me of the additional honour of my having declined the offer of a provision (in youth and in want) from the very ministers I opposed. From the death of Lord Rockingham to the sessions of parliament in 1804, when Mr. Pitt returned to power, all this period, in every year of which I did more than half a dozen of the most active of my fellow labourers, shall go as a perfect blank in this discussion. In reference to a *part* of the present ministers, it *should* be such. I shall therefore speak only of those events which contributed to make those ministers *what they now are*.

'The first epoch was the trial of strength, upon Mr. Pitt's Parish bill. I believe it may happen, that you know more than I do, how *I* was selected as the most dextrous promulger of that letter to Mr. Pitt, which reflected so much honour upon the wisdom of Lord Grenville. It was thought at the time, to have had great effect in the debate and the division; having been published on the same day. The tenth report became the next topic of popular interest. How that business was handled, though at that time you did not come much to Budd's, you I believe are not ignorant. On the night of the 9th of April, 1805, the night after the vote against Lord Melville, Mr. Fox going to St. Ann's Hill the next day for the recess, said to me —'O'B pray stir the country if you can. We could work with double effect, *within* doors, if we are well supported *without*.'

'Whilst you were all in the midst of your rural enjoyments during the recess, I was at the anvil; and so effectually did I

'stir the country' that I will venture to say the uniformity of the sensation never was equalled. Of my toil you will form some guess, when you learn that excepting the address to the king from Westminster, which was written by Mr. Fox; the Middlesex resolutions which were written by Mr. Creevy; a part of one resolution which was worded in a note to me, by the Duke of Northumberland, every line of every resolution, petition to the House of Commons, and address to the King, (though all sufficiently varied not to betray their common origin) from the City of London, from Westminster, from Middlesex, and from the borough of Southwark, were all written by me. I must add to the exceptions two resolutions at the borough meeting, which were foisted in, foolishly and fraudulently, (by an intrigue of Major Cartwright's with Mr. Shipley of the borough) respecting parliamentary reform.

'The country caught the example of the capital; and the expense of all these operations, which was guessed by many of our friends to exceed three thousand pounds, did not exceed 300*l.*

'I had not recovered the effects of these labours, when a new incident, the third coalition, demanded a renewal of efforts.

'With the train of thinking which I ventured to entertain upon that subject, it happens, that the repeated calls, with which your condescension honoured my humble roof, about this time twelvemonth, make you well acquainted. That I was right you well know: that I effectually strove to make the nation right, is no less true. In this work I had two able co-operators; Mr. Cobbett and Mr. S——— of the Morning Chronicle. It is not to lessen their great merits, but merely to state a fact that I remark that both of these gentlemen were labouring in their vocation; each being at the head of a productive property, and each being professional gainers by what they wrote: whilst I, who had, at no period of my life, any interest or concern in any such publications, did all, for the benefit of the present ministers, and of him who is no more. So completely was the task accomplished, that by the time parliament met there existed but one opinion, out of the pale of the ministry, namely, that all was lost unless the opposition was called in. I am sure I need not remind you that in producing this conviction in the public mind, the present ministers had no more immediate agency, than so many of the Emperor of China's Mandarins. It is not that the present ministers would not have done the thing with transcendent powers; but, parliament not sitting, the opportunity did not exist. The business was done to their hands. Mr. Pitt's death intervened; and prevented any parliamentary struggle.

'If I am correct in this statement (and if I am incorrect, taking the word in its widest sense, in *any* thing, my own sentence upon myself is, that *every* thing I urge may go for nothing) it is with confidence I leave you to judge whether the—

Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra boves

has ever had a more signal illustration than in my person; with this difference in favour of the quadruped, that he has 'right store of provender assigned him,' whilst I, the biped ox, in case this appeal, which has nothing but its truth and justice to recommend it, should fail, am likely to be in nearly the circumstances of the luckless wight who had nothing to soothe him in his disappointments but to

'Content himself with ends of verses
'And sayings of philosophers!'

'Sometimes it is unaccountable to me, that upon the mere score of *interest*, I should not be a little more in the thoughts of those whom I have served.

'Fifty-one, to be sure, would be 'too late a week' to begin the world anew—a sad time to set out in search of friends and fortune; yet this, my age, is not a period at which the powers of either mind or body usually forsake men; and if it should happen, as I, without the slightest fear of contradiction, contend to be the fact, that I rendered more service to the present ministry, during their political adversity, than all those upon whom their favor has shone, since their sun has been in the meridian, the singularity of my destiny will not be disputed. I am aware of the intoxicating effect of human power upon human frailty—that success is apt to forget that ill times ever existed or may come again—that 'benefits conferred' do not always ensure a remembrance of the benefactor. Though I am well instructed in the truth of these positions, and know that they are older than Agamemnon; yet they are only general positions,—having, like other generalities, their limitations and exceptions.—And if I were to pick out of the mass of the world certain individuals whose conduct I should assure myself would be a contradiction to these rules, so unflattering to our common nature, those individuals would, undoubtedly, be found in the present ministry. The present ministry have refused no request of mine. During the life of Mr. Fox it would not have squared with my notion of fitness to say any thing of my situation to any of his colleagues. Even to him; since the 27th of February last, the sum of my application respecting my pretensions, consists in one note of a few lines.—The letter from me to Lord Howick, respecting the cause of this correspondence, which his Lordship was so good as to convey to you, is the first and last request which I have made to the

present ministers. I am not complaining of either the living or the dead; nor shall any lot that may befal me, nor any provocation from any quarter, ever tempt me to do other than exalt, as far as I can, the name and the fame of him whom, of the whole male creation, I loved next to heaven. As your obliging answer to my letter afforded me the opportunity of making some statement of my case, my discretion suggests to me that I ought not to omit it. But you would misunderstand me greatly, if you thought that this letter is levelled exclusively at you; or that I am capable of being an encroacher upon your capacities to serve me, the exertion of those capacities being accompanied with the slightest reluctance. Such a course on my part, would, I hope, be unnecessary; and, indeed, I have no doubt it would be so, both from what I *know* and what I have *heard*.

'What I have *heard* is this. That Lord Lauderdale, some months since, stated to Lord Grenville that Mr. Fox's mind was uneasy on account of my situation; and that Lord Grenville was so good as to reply, that the thing should be attended to as soon as possible. What I *know* is, that when Lord Howick gave me the office at the Cape, his Lordship added—'Lord Grenville has, at present, nothing to offer you; when he has you will have it.'—The inference which I draw from both these circumstances, rescues me from being, what, without these circumstances, I hope I should not be, an unreasonable or irksome supplicant, in any quarter.

'This is the place proper for me to say a few words respecting the Marshalship of the Vice Admiralty Court at the Cape, in reply to your remark upon that office.*

'Lord Howick knows, full well, that I feel his kindness as I ought; and wants no additional proof of my attachment and respect for him. It is not to lessen the merit of the noble donor, that, I observe that even his Lordship's good will cannot make the office better than its nature admits. The true character of this office is this—The bad of it, is certain, the good, at best, but contingent.—In peace it is nothing.—In war, it is doubtful. What it *is* in war, may not, *here*, be possible to ascertain; but not so the negative. What it *is not*, I have collected with a non-consoling accuracy.

'There is a sister but superior office in the same court, that of Registrar, the produce of which, by the kindness of the gentleman who held it, all the time the Cape was in our hands, I have been able to make out; and have, confidentially, imparted to

* See my answer to the Committee on Sinecures, respecting this my office, in Appendix No. 5, page xx.

Lord Howick. From this *datum*, the result is, that, if the office of Marshal, inferior, in every way, to the Registrar, were equal to the latter in emolument, my prospect is quite desperate of getting rid of the burthens that are upon me, even without applying one shilling of its income to the purposes of subsistence, though the present war should last as long as the Peloponnesian.

'Now, as to these burthens; the grand source of all my solicitude.

'I am perhaps, the most signal, perhaps the only instance, of a man struggling through a life of difficulties, growing with the growth of every day, who, without Parliamentary protection, has preserved his freedom, and never lost his little footing.—The art by which I have achieved this wonder, to me, has always been easy.—It consisted in this: in never deviating from the truth; and in putting it out of any man's power to say I deceived him. Never were creditors more kind than mine to me:—never was debtor more candid than I to them. At three epochs in the last eight years have the general body of my creditors granted to me three suspensions of all claims. The two last meetings, in 1801 and 1804, were attended by the present Attorney General in my behalf, 'as he's used, without a fee.' Though that learned and excellent person's kindness to me required no spur, he had the written request and authority of Mr. Fox, to state from him, to my creditors, his wish and his hope upon the occasion. The Attorney General gave them no expectation, except in the event of a change of ministry.—The change has taken place; and the change having taken place, I own, with tremor, that my mind, though fertile of honest expedients in a condition of fortune from which your happier stars have always kept you in ignorance, suggests to me no safety, upon having nothing else to say to my generous creditors at the expiration of the third license, (now within a few months,) but to relate to them the *Status quo* of my present fortune.

'I have now finished my letter.

'I am well aware of the value of your time, and the time of those into whose hands a sentiment of kindness to me might prompt you to put these sheets for perusal. I feel all the inconvenience of the length into which I have been compelled to go; yet, without danger to the representation which I think it right to give of my situation, I know not where I could indulge myself with any abridgment; and, as the diffusion appears to me a matter of necessity, I take the liberty of relying upon that good natured consideration of which I have seen so many marks in your conduct and character, that you will excuse what I think unavoidable.

'All that remains for me is to say, that the absence of a just sensibility to attention from any quarter shall never be found among the defects of him who has the honor of truly subscribing himself,

'Dear Sir,

'Your ever most faithful Servant,

'D. O'Bryen.'

'*Postcript, October* 15.

'The above letter has been written these four days. As my hand-writing is not the most legible, I thought it might a little reconcile its great length to have the letter copied in a tempting character; and, as from its nature I could not employ a stranger, I was obliged to wait till this day before I met with our late clerk at Budd's, whom I know I can trust.'

No. 3.

(Copy.)

Mr. O'Bryen to the Right Honourable W. Windham.

'*Craven Street, March the* 10*th*, 1807.

'Dear Sir,

'The *manner* almost as much as even the *matter*, of the few words that dropped from you this evening occasions to you the unwillingly given trouble of this letter.

'It is in the very genius of hope that it will often exist in spite of reason; but in my case, reason is the base and sole foundation of my hope. Whatever be the witcheries of that seducing emotion, how is it possible that I should fail to cherish not merely hope, but well-considered, rational expectation?

'May I take the liberty of re-stating to you the grounds on which my mind has reposed itself.——

'1st. The words of Lord Howick to me; 'Lord Grenville has, at present, nothing to give you; when he has you will have it.'

'If these plain words wanted illustration, the *time* of their delivery is better than a thousand expositors. They were spoken on the twelfth day of last August, the very day after his Lordship nominated me to the office at the Cape, and when I was in the very act of returning thanks for it.

'2dly. The answer of Lord Grenville to Lord Lauderdale's application; viz. 'That Mr. Fox's mind should be freed from uneasiness on the score of Mr. O'Bryen, as soon as possible.'

'3dly. That my letter to you of last October, containing a statement of my pretensions, founded in part upon their intrinsic justice, and in part upon the two circumstances above re-

ferred to, should remain unanswered to this moment;—*and*, that the only time I came in contact with you (before this day) your only words were, 'I know that I am in arrear with you; but I hope I shan't be so long.'

'Now, my dear Sir, how, under these circumstances, I should other than live in hope, I am persuaded you will admit to be inevitable.

'There is a fidelity due to the confidential impartments of even the bad; but faith to the good, especially to those of the good whose kind interest in one's welfare additionally enforces moral obligation, this duty is so obvious that the vulgarest mind could hardly miss it. If, however, there exist any relative delicacies which render a free communication to me, *by letter*, a matter of irksomeness to you, the difficulty is easily removed, as I am, of course, ready, at any moment, to attend your commands *in person*.

'The circumstances can witness for me that, however anxious I have been to hear from you during the five months that have intervened since my reply to your letter of the 9th of last October, I have not allowed my solicitude to interfere with your convenience.

'I have the honour to remain,

'Dear Sir,

'Your very faithful obedient Servant,

'D. O'Bryen.'

APPENDIX—No. 2.

The three documents contained in this Appendix comprehend the whole of what I have written, since the libellous account in the *Times* and *Chronicle*, of the 10th of October, (1820,) and the courteous commentary of *Mr. Bennett* on the 17th of the same month.

1.

'To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

'Sir,

'Commencing with the close of my short letter in this day's *Morning Post*, which letter I had contemplated for your Paper and for the *Times*, as the channels nearly concurring in the offensive terms to me of the Bow-street intelligence of Monday last, I repeat, from that communication, that—

"I must, in candour, premise, that from the insertion of this paper, compromise is neither to be inferred nor implied, against my seeking redress for the outrage upon me, *at law*—whilst yet law sustains itself, in this country, in opposition to the united machinations of incendiaries and cut-throats."

'I now proceed, with all possible brevity, to correct the falsehoods contained in the said account.

'1st. It is *false*, that I *held* or *hold* a sinecure place under the present Government. The only office which I possess is a colonial appointment conferred upon me more than fourteen years since by *Lord Grey* (when his Lordship was first Lord of the Admiralty) at the instance of *Mr. Fox*.

'2d. It is *false*, that I am a writer for a certain Morning Paper. Were I such, I should not offer apology or explanation for such a disposition of myself. The fact, however, is, that, although in the course of my life, an occasional correspondent, like thousands of others, of several Papers (the *Chronicle* and *Times* included) I never had either property, management, engagement, employment, or concern in *any* Newspaper, since the hour of my birth.

'3d. It is *false*, that distinguished characters, connected with the Ministerial Press are in habits of meeting at my house. Upon the most accurate retrospect of which my memory is capable, I do not recollect any gentleman, now connected with *any* possible Paper, to have been inside my threshold for the last twelve months. Such an incident *may* have occurred, as there are gentlemen in that line of avocation whom I know and highly esteem; but I have not the slightest remembrance of such a visitor, for a full year past.

'4th. That *Pearson* and *Vickery* were refused admittance by the servant happens to be fact, though found in the said statement; but the complexion given to that refusal is as false as the three first heads. The truth is, that I am very much annoyed by applicants, in real or pretended want; and that I have, during my 42 years' residence in this street, been obliged, perhaps 42 scores of times, to threaten my servants with dismissal for receiving begging letters and admitting strangers. It is to the discipline thence arising, coupled with seeking for a name unknown to those servants as a *male* visitant, that they refused to open the door. *The instant* that I, who was getting out of bed, learnt the name and object of Vickery, every part of the house was directly submitted to his search. I shall not add another word. 'DENIS O'BRYEN.'

21, Craven-street, October the 11th, 1820.

2.

TO THE EDITOR OF

'21, Craven-Street, Oct. 18, 1820.

'Sir,—If I were at this moment in fulness of health, a correction of the monstrous misrepresentations regarding me which

took place last night, in more than one quarter, would be no slight call upon my exertions. How much more serious is my task in my present circumstances! Whether a more cruel hardship can be inflicted, than to make one man answerable for another's acts, to which he has been no party, is a point which may be safely submitted to just minds. In my present state, however, I shall confine myself, at this moment, to a single sample of this dreadful wrong.

'I have been charged by Mr. H. G. Bennett as the author of certain Letters to, and against, Lord Fitzwilliam. Of the letters alluded to (those I presume, of Hambden and Aristides, in the *Morning Post,)* I really know no more than does my assailant, or the man who has been in the grave thousands of years before my assailant was born. What I *have* written respecting Lord Fitzwilliam is, *verbatim,* what is at the bottom of this letter—a printed slip of the original essay (dated and published on the 27th day of last October (1819) in the *Morning Post)* serving for the compositor's copy in this reprint of the article. I am aware of the present pressure upon newspapers; but still, I supplicate its insertion from every Editor in whose breast the principles of fairness are not extinct—keeping in mind Mr. Bennett's attack upon me, relatively to Lord Fitzwilliam.

'*Such,* and *only such,* is the style in which I have ever mentioned and *shall ever mention* the name of Lord Fitzwilliam —the *dimidium animæ* of Charles Fox. So few, alas, of Mr. Fox's real friends (usually engaging in House of Commons debates) are spared by the devourer Death, that my wonder is the less, at seeing myself, his nearly thirty years bosom adherent (not the least faithful nor the most interested—tried by all the tests which can put sincerity to the proof) abandoned 'in my utmost need,' to the animadversions of Mr. Hume, and Mr. Bennett—*without a tittle of evidence against me.* If I live, I shall re-publish every article that I have written since the death of Mr. Fox, with my name in the title page, and defy any candid critic to find in any one of them either lie or libel—dereliction of principle or oblivion of friendship. Such will be my answer to Mr. Bennett's charge of apostacy. What further course I may pursue towards redress for this outrage will depend upon the hereafter.

'Exhausted as I am, there is another point on which I *must* say a word. Mr. Bennett is described as having, by implication, intimated that I had called the Queen a hag! I never so called her Majesty, nor any woman, since I was born. In the Essay to which allusion is made, the word hag is indeed introduced, but introduced quite ironically—with a meaning the *exact reverse* of what is imputed to it by Mr. Bennett—and in-

tended *only* to scout the philosophy which contemplated 52 as an age past female frailty. Almost all that has appeared respecting a Bow-street warrant, &c. is erroneous. Until the recovery of my health shall enable me to shape my course, I beg a suspension of judgment, and a distrust of all reports regarding me.

'I am, Sir, &c.
'DENIS O'BRYEN.'

" DISMISSAL OF LORD FITZWILLIAM.

" The earth that bears him bears not a nobler Gentleman than the Earl of FITZWILLIAM. With perhaps more of what may be termed the moral trade-wind in his temper than Lord EGREMONT, Lord FITZWILLIAM, in princely munificence, is full brother to that Nobleman : a knowledge of whose carefully concealed generosities would, by their example, be a benefit to mankind. More than twenty-five years since, the late Mr. HARE (himself an assemblage of whatever is most delightful in a social being) *detailed* to the writer of this article, sum by sum, no less than 150,000l. given by Lord EGREMONT in mere largesses—ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS! *twenty-five years since!* And if the author were at liberty to state some instances of the Noble Lord's beneficence, only within the last two years, which accident has brought to his own knowledge, the reader's eyes, like the eyes of the writer (though a total stranger to Lord EGREMONT,) would overflow, at this casual tribute to a heart whose bounty is clogged with no other condition than that of—*secresy*.

" In acts more or less of *this* complexion has passed the entire life of Lord FITZWILLIAM. 'FITZ,' said CHARLES FOX (in a letter to the person who is my authority), 'FITZWILLIAM is not only the most generous, but he is much about the most amiable of the race of man.' Existence is not possessed by any mortal, to whom more appropriately than to that Noble Earl, may be applied the celebrated line of Pope upon the famous Bishop of Cloyne. Changing Berkeley into Wentworth, preserves the poetry, and exhibits the Noble Lord as truly as in a mirror.

'To WENTWORTH, every virtue under Heaven.'

" As faithfully then, as if he were at his account before the throne of that same Heaven, does the writer hereof declare, that in the dismissal of this aggregate of '*every virtue under Heaven*,' from his Yorkshire Lieutenancy, he discerns the *certain safety of English freedom*. That single act

assures the conservation of the British Constitution—and *not to have done* that act would, in the writer's most reflex judgment, have been *all but* an impeachable crime in the Government. To leave the modelling and command of a regiment, which regiment may be called out to-morrow in the disturbed districts—to continue all the powers civil and military, of a Lord Lieutenant in the Earl FITZWILLIAM, under *all the circumstances of the case* (which circumstances will be matter for future consideration) would, in the Government, have been setting an example pregnant with *possible* ruin, in a crisis when universal duty interdicted any measure, active or passive, hazardous of universal security.

"It is the acknowledged excellence of Lord FITZWILLIAM's character which best illustrates his removal. *Ne Catoni quidem credendum est.* Not even to CATO should too much be trusted. The British Constitution is a stake not to be rested upon complaisance, even to Lord FITZWILLIAM: although he be a man whose *very* and *only* alloy has its root in a virtue. What is that alloy?—excess of party feeling. Party feeling, within reasonable limits, is a virtue; but, 'be not virtuous over-much.'

> 'For virtue's self might too much zeal be had;
> The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.'

"Party saintship having made Lord FITZWILLIAM a *promoter* and a *partaker* of the Yorkshire Meeting and *Resolutions,* the Government became divested of *all* discretion.—When the Government saw the honourably notorious opponent of all the phrenzies going under the name of Parliamentary Reform—when the Government saw the very person in whom (in 1794, under an alarm which to the danger of the present moment was a comparative bugbear,) the patriot prevailed over the partizan; when they saw the identical legislator who abandoned the man he loved, and joined the man whose whole anterior life he had resisted, merely from the impulse of public duty; when the Government saw the spotless, the upright, the praised and honoured Earl of FITZWILLIAM confederating in manœuvres which preferred *party objects to national safety;* when this miraculous change appeared, in palpable word and deed, to their surprised senses, what else but treachery to their trust would have been the avoidable loss of a single day to the Ministers, in depriving even that Noble Lord of a public function, the unrebuked retention of which would, by its impunity, have served only as a special invitation to others of a less unexceptionable description than Lord FITZWILLIAM—to go *much farther* than his Lordship?"

3.

The following advertisement will show that my appeal to every publisher, of Mr. *H. G. Bennett's* speech; '*in whose breast the principles of fairness were not extinct*,' failed of any impression upon more than *four* Editors, out of a corps which is *scarcely numerable ! !*

'Although writing by dictation, and from my bed, I cannot permit even a single day to pass, without returning, in this most public manner (preferably by advertisement), my indelible thanks to *The Morning Chronicle*, for inserting (though piecemeal), yesterday and the day before, my letter, dated the 18th instant, together with its extract respecting Lord Fitzwilliam. A like expression of my deep obligation, for the like reason, is, in due measure, hereby most sincerely offered to *The Courier*, and to *The New Times*, notwithstanding the delay, in the latter Journal, of *the extract*, the re-printing of which, in the other Journals mentioned, has, in the intervening 24 hours, produced alleviations to the most wronged and oppressed of mankind. Excepting *The Sun*, in which paper my article of the 18th first appeared and the *Morning Advertiser*, I am not aware that my gratitude can embrace a single quarter beyond those just named. To those publications will be the comfort of not having denied the freedom of the press to one of its warmest advocates; whilst for that accord, so honourable to *their* generous justice, my profound sense can only terminate with my existence.

'Well aware of the proneness of the popular mind to the wrong side of every question; and that reasoning might as well be addressed to the roaring ocean as to the crowd till calm succeeds the tempest, I make neither reply, rejoinder, nor remark upon any thing that has been said, or written against me, either *in*, or out of Parliament—*at present*. I never was a courter of that crowd—not even in the 26 years, during which I stood upon a hustings at Covent-garden—my books having told me that the most assiduous conciliators of the multitude have generally been the worst men in all ages and nations. The proper public of a private citizen is his own circle; and, even of that circle the favour of the frivolous is not worth possessing. Not so the good will and the good word of the considerate and the virtuous. To those if life is spared to me, I shall demonstrate my title. In Professor Richardson's essay upon *Hamlet*, after an eulogy upon the fine qualities of that character (which I forbear repeating, because I arrogate no portion of the encomium to myself), the commentator adds, "but all these qualities did not save him from being hated, persecuted and destroyed!" Destroyed I yet am not; still, however (his catastrophe apart), all the sufferings of Hamlet are delights—in comparison with the inflictions visited upon me.

21, Craven-street, Oct. 22, 1820. 'DENIS O'BRYEN.'

APPENDIX.—No. 3.

I have surmised that the marked *Bennettism* of the newspapers to me may in some degree refer to the concluding paragraph of the following article of my writing, which appeared in the Morning Post of the 6th of last September (1820,) and which I have taken some pains to circulate among the Peers.

THE QUEEN.

'*Immodest words admit of no defence,*
For, want of decency is want of sense.'

ROSCOMMON.

'Subscribing implicitly to the maxim of the Noble author of my motto, I should, *for myself*, be wholly at a loss for any colourable justification in transgressing against it. I perceived, however, that an article of mine, under my present initial, which appeared in this paper on Saturday se'nnight (the 26th ult.) had been taunted by the *Morning Chronicle* (of the 28th) as 'commenting on the evidence (meaning in the House of Lords) *in language* which that paper could not *soil its pages* with *repeating*.' 'If it were so it were a grievous fault;' and grievously, yet unfeignedly should I kiss the rod of even *such* a censor, were my article fairly objectionable on the score pretended. The sentiment delivered by Lord LIVERPOOL in Tuesday's debate, regarding the second cross-examination—is, indeed, a sentiment worthy of being engraved in gold, viz. that 'he should never want the courage or the candour to surrender an opinion when convinced of its error.' In humble imitation of such an example, I should deem it a graceless perversion of any faculty with which the Almighty may have endued me, to shew that worst of all fopperies, the foppery of intellect, in any pertinacity respecting a subject so entirely ephemeral as the trifle which has been gravely stigmatised by the decorous Chronicle.

'Illness, chiefly, and extreme occupation, have prevented my reading *the print* of the article in question till this day. Asterisks, I see, are put in the place of one line in my copy. I assure my good friend, the Editor of this Journal, that it was not *my* lubricity he was pruning in that substitution. He was *chastening* the text of that identical English classic who is deservedly designated 'the moral poet.' Endeavouring to expose the philosophy of the 'Times' newspaper (a philosophy wholly novel as to the nature of woman), the omitted line was only a transposition of

'*No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.*'

In the same author, by the way, is to be found a couplet, which would almost seem to have anticipated the *Morning Chronicle's* false gallop of delicacy.

> ' Before her eyes a handkerchief she spread,
> ' To hide the flood of tears—she did *not* shed.'

Judging, after more than a week's interlapse, in the coolness of reflection not in the vividness of writing, I remain to be convinced, that there is *one* sentence, or *half* a sentence, or *two words*, in the whole essay, which prudery itself would erase. There is, indeed, *one word*, which, though only prompted by playfulness, if the article were republished I would myself, by choice, omit—*one word—no more.* It is to the polluting career now under universal notice, that every evil is to be ascribed. When the hypocrisy of the *Chronicle*—when the lies of the *Times*—' lies like the fathers that beget them as gross as a mountain,' and nearly as numerous as their paragraphs—when all these shall be ingulphed in the oblivious pool, then will British husbands and British parents deeply and loudly curse the person who has *so* contrived her external conduct (granting, for argument, that she may be essentially guiltless) as to render it impossible to discuss her history without defilement to her sex.

' In respect to the Chronicle's imputation of my improper language being in ' a commentary upon the evidence,' *that—that*, (a very feather in the cap of the Chronicle) is no more nor less than a mere, sheer, falsehood. I pretend to know my duty to any possible Judicature much too well for falling into any such delinquency as commenting upon evidence pending a trial. And here I cannot avoid supplicating the House of Lords to be aware that, one of the first, one of the greatest, dearest, most prized rights born of, and nourished by, the English Constitution, rests at this juncture entirely upon their Lordships' tutelage.

' Bring him before us,' said Judge Buller, ' and you shall see how we will dispose of him.' May an humble man, even though writing anonymously, beseech the attention of that illustrious House to the matter of the next paragraph?

' In May 1798, Mr. Capel Loft (then resident in Suffolk as I trust he still is in health and happiness) received a letter from a friend of his in Kent; stating, that a certain Gentleman in his neighbourhood busied himself in prejudicing some of the persons, impannelled for the Jury on the State trial, at Maidstone, in that month, of *Mr. Arthur O'Connor* and of other prisoners, then charged with high treason. Mr. Loft made a journey to Maidstone, and apprised the Counsel for the prison-

ers of the constructive obstruction just referred to. Before a single name was called for the Jury, complaint was laid before the Court, by, (as nearly as memory serves me at a distance of twenty-two years,) the present Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, or the Master of the Rolls, regarding the irregularity mentioned in the letter to Mr. LOFT. 'Where is this person,' asked Judge BULLER. 'Not to be found, my Lord.' 'Well, we can't go after him; you bring him here, and you shall see how we will dispose of him.' The present LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord REDDESDALE were eye and ear witnesses of this occurrence. The Gentleman complained of took special care not to be seen in the county till the commission was dissolved. Else, his loyalty overmuch would not have saved him from being laid by the heels.

'But, suppose the Gentleman so erring had, in a Maidstone newspaper, made it his daily task to accuse the witnesses of perjury—to anticipate the verdict with the utmost irreverence and contumacy—to pander to all the bad passions of the rabble—to stir up the besotted populace to a diurnal insult of the Judges in their way from the Court to their abodes—as the deliverer of Europe and his heroic comrade, who left his limb at Waterloo, have been regularly insulted by wretches whom the daily and weekly destroyers of the liberty of the Press audaciously denominate '*the people*'—were *such* the conduct of the Gentleman alluded to by Mr. LOFT's correspondent, what would have been the exclamation, what the resolve, of Mr. Judge BULLER and of his three co-Judges?!

'Not the KING is invested with a prerogative, not Lords nor Commons with a privilege, which does not exist for public purposes. For the sake of that public, I would, in due humility, invoke the House of Peers, to spare a thought, even in their legislative pressure, upon the present deluge of never paralleled licentiousness. I would beseech that Noble House—for the conservation of *that right*, upon which so many other rights depend—of that right, from the use of which their purest delights are derived, in the perusal of those classic works of their country which drew their first breath from the right of publication without *imprimatur*—of that right under which so many of their own high order have immortalized their names—from '*Noble Surrey*' to the more poetically *Noble Byron*, in one line of literature; from BACON to BOLINGBROKE in another line, and from BOLINGBROKE down to their own co-temporaries—for the desire of transmitting that paramount right, unmaimed and uncrippled, to future ages—by all these reasons—by the generous motives and sublime animations which actuate elevated souls—by that solicitude for posterity which distin-

guishes an ethereal nature, (parental for present times, provident for future) from a narrow-minded clod of earth (cupidity his end, and calumny his means), whose instincts will not allow him to look beyond the pelf within his gripe—for and by all these considerations, I would beseech that August Body not to leave upon record the fatal precedent of a suicidal oblivion of a holy trust; but manfully to discharge the sacred duty which they owe to the liberty of the press; and, in a warrantable exercise of their undoubted authority, to lend their powerful arm towards rescuing that foremost of civil blessings from its most deadly enemies, the mercenary crew who drive a sordid traffic upon its abuse—utterly destitute of any care concerning it—'*if it lasts their time.*'

September the 4th, 1820. N.

APPENDIX.—No. 4.

1.

Sir Home Popham's Attestation.

'Mr. Denis O'Bryen having given to me a copy of his letter to Mr. Windham, dated in October 1806, (which letter, though directed to Mr. Windham, was explained by Mr. O'Bryen to have been aimed generally at the ministerial survivors of Mr. Fox) having learnt from Mr. O'Bryen that his requests for an answer to that application (which were alleged to have been made repeatedly during the six months that intervened before the close of the late government) produced none; the silence of Mr. Windham (construed by Mr. O'Bryen into sentiments neither unkind nor uncourteous to him) accompanied by some other very intelligible indications, appearing not to have left the least doubt in Mr. O'Bryen's mind of the absolute disfavour towards him of the late ministry; feeling to the quick the deplorable state of Mr. O'Bryen's affairs, at such a time of life as his; under all these circumstances I exercised my own discretion, with a view to the interests of a man whom I had known since I was a youth, and for whose welfare I am most anxious.

'As I have no doubt that the subject of a private conversation in reference to Mr. O'Bryen, stated to have recently passed in the House of Commons, had its origin in a conduct on my part dictated by the considerations which I have just described, I feel it incumbent on me to declare, as I do hereby, upon my honour,

'That I have most strenuously advised Mr. O'Bryen to pursue what appeared to me the most advantageous course possible in his situation; that it is in the fullest conviction I affirm, that the adoption, by Mr. O'Bryen, of such my earnest advice, would have changed the character of his fortune, brightened his prospects, lessened the load of his embarrassments, and rescued his mind from the vexation inseparable from the pressure of his difficulties; but that all my intreaties have hitherto proved fruitless. That I have, more especially since the appearance of *Faustus* and *Aristides* in the Morning Post, re-urged, re-importuned, and re-supplicated Mr. O'Bryen, in every shape and mode, by letter and personally, to the line of conduct which I before recommended; and that it is with deep concern I declare that I have done so in vain.

'HOME POPHAM.'

Charles Street, St. James's,
July 1809.

Compared by me the 17th of July, 1809.
No. 3, *Gray's-Inn Square.* J. PALMER.

2.

(COPY.)

Letter of the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, franked from Wobourn the 18*th of July,* 1809, *referring to Sir Home Popham's attestation.*

'DEAR O'BRYEN,

'Our long repast made me take a nap here on Sunday, after dinner,—but yesterday I rode fifteen miles, and danced till three in the morning,—the Duchess gave a most charming fête at her Thornery. I have ruminated much on our very interesting conversation; and although the unvaried tissue of uprightness which I have experienced in you, rendered me as certain when I heard the calumny, of its falsehood, as I am now; yet there is a satisfaction in having had my belief confirmed. Here is a beautiful day; I am going to dine at three o'clock with all the farmers, and from five till dark saunter through the woods, leaving the great to their turtle and Champagne.

'Your's ever,

W. ADAM.'

APPENDIX.—No. 5.

(Copy.)

PRECEPT FROM THE COMMITTEE ON SINECURES.

'*House of Commons, March 25th*, 1811.

'I am directed by the Committee on Sinecure Offices to request your answer to the following questions.

(Signed) 'HENRY MARTIN, *Chairman.*

To Denis O'Bryen, Esq., Marshal of the Vice Admiralty Court at the Cape.

MR. D. O'BRYEN'S ANSWER.

'*Craven Street, March 31st*, 1811.

'In answer to the precept of the Committee, conveyed to my house on the 26th instant, but not received by me for some time after, I have the honour of replying, That

'After dedicating, according to the example of many among the best and brightest names in English annals, near thirty years to political studies and operations, in one of those confederacies which the genius of a free State necessarily generates; and without the existence of which no state ever was or ever will be free; after having, upon numberless occasions, vindicated the British Constitution, never forgetting, in the warmest ardour for the rights of the people, those great trusts, the rights of the Crown, (labours, of which I am not without hope of leaving memorials that may, without disrepute to his ashes, survive the labourer;) never apprehending that such exercises or any eventual rewards that might follow the fidelity and purity of their practice, would be liable to degradation or disparagement by *ex post facto* theories, the fashion of which, in my humble judgment, tends to institute the falsest standard of merit, to deter all who are not fortune's favorites from the cultivation of pursuits, heretofore deemed liberal and laudable; and, by consequence, to throw the powers and the cares of Government into the hands of those whom neither history nor philosophy shows to be uniformly the best adapted to its duties, namely, the fat-pursed, or the first-born;—the whole of my adult life having been devoted to such courses, I received in 1806, towards a remuneration, the Office of Marshal of the Vice Admiralty Court at the Cape: and though I never foresaw that I should be over-hauled for my treasures thence arising, I proceed, in respectful obedience to the commands of the Committee, to give true answers to their several questions.

I.

Questions.

'What is the nature of the office of Marshal of the Vice Admiralty Court at the Cape of Good Hope?

Answers.

'The nature of the office is the execution, under the Vice Admiralty Court at the Cape, of the functions appertaining to the Marshalship of the Admiralty Court in Doctors' Commons. Except in the miniature of a Colonial Court compared with the magnitude of the Superior Court in this Country, the duties (which are various and important) had been generally the same.

II.

'Do you perform any, and what part, of the duties of that office in person?

'I perform none of the duties in person. My health, my time of life, and my private affairs not admitting of my personal execution of my office; I availed myself of the power, expressly vested in me by my patent, of providing a capable deputy; diminishing my own possible gains by a proportionate remuneration to my substitute.

III.

'What is the amount of the Salary and emoluments of your office as received by yourself, or by your Deputy?

'I never have, nor has my Deputy to my knowledge, received one shilling under the name of salary. No salary is annexed to the office, and I understand that in peace it is not worth one farthing—the amount of all my emoluments, actually received by myself from my appointment in August 1806 to the present hour (being near five years) is no less than 2193*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* As my allowance to my Deputy is one third of the profits, a sum equal to one half of the said 2193*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* has been retained for himself by my Deputy. If, however, regulations which (unjustifiably I presume) have been introduced into the Court for some time, had existed during the whole time of my appointment, the

said sum of 2193*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* must have been pared down upwards of two thirds; so that instead of the large gain of 2193*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* I should have received during the whole period (of 5 years) less than 700*l.* The rights and perquisites of which my office (contrary, as I am instructed, to the practice of all other Vice Admiralty Courts) has been stripped, have been claimed by my representatives at the Cape. Whether any thing may come of that claim depends, at present, upon the comforts of litigation.

IV.

'From what sources do the Salary and emoluments of your office arise, as received by yourself, or by your Deputy?

'The emoluments of my office, however exorbitant, arise, entirely, from naval captures—not a shilling comes from any other source. The sinecure quality of my appointment must now more than ever be obnoxious to popular jealousy, inasmuch as the taking of the Mauritius and Bourbon being likely to make a Vice Admiralty Jurisdiction in that distant solitary sea, a court *sine causa*, my office necessarily becomes, in the most strict and literal sense of the designation, an office *sine cura*.

V.

'By whom is your Deputy apppointed, and by whom approved?

'My Deputy is appointed by myself. In the nature of the thing it is probable that the Court would disapprove of an incompetent Delegate.

VI.

'Have you or your Deputy any custody of the public money or records?

'I am not aware that any such custody constitutes any part of the duties of my office, with the exception of a record of the office business.

VII.

'Is any, and what security, given by yourself or by your Deputy?	'My Deputy gives security to me for a faithful execution of his deputation. I have never been asked to give any security. If any had been required, I was, as I am, always ready to give such, to any amount.

(*Signed*) 'DENIS O'BRYEN.'

Directed to the Committee on Sinecure Offices, or Henry Martin, Esq. Chairman.

APPENDIX.—No. 6.

'DISMISSAL OF LORD FITZWILLIAM.—No. 2.'

'*This* topic, so far from being exhausted, will on the meeting of parliament be as fresh as on the day of its occurrence. The spotless, and (excess of partyism out of the question) the universally irreproachable character of Lord FITZWILLIAM, affords too much polemical picking to be thrown aside as a bare bone, by those who deem the crisis a *good one* for subduing the court—when radicalism stalks abroad without simulation; and Spencean Philanthropy (the vital spring of all mob movements) breaks through the disguises of her lamb-like votaries—when *Reform* of Parliament is discarded for Parliamentary *annihilation;* hereditary Royalty denounced as a primary grievance; Republicanism avowed in the set terms of special pleading; and the constitutional impossibility asserted, as a *given fact,* that the actual *Sovereign has forfeited the Crown*—when the employ*ers* of the country are arraigned as *usurpers;* the employ*ees* proclaimed as *their victims;* and a servile struggle *only,* from mere precaution, *not* actually commenced—when JESUS CHRIST is proscribed as an impostor; his morals, till the present era the stumbling block to infidelity, scouted as mockery; and his religion, the grand civilizer of England (leaving the sacred subject of his theology untouched) stigmatised as a nursery of fraud, corruption, and tyranny. The candidates for government who seize *such* a juncture for ousting their antagonists, will scarcely fail to place the dispossession of *such* a man as Lord FITZWILLIAM in the van of their operations—the very frontispiece of their hostility.

'That the high name of Lord FITZWILLIAM served strongly to illustrate and decidedly to justify his removal, was a main point in the former number of this article, which has been de-

layed by illness, but which, if continued, shall not, consciously to the author, interfere with, nor by reiteration impair, the arguments of other and abler writers.

'Additional light is thrown upon this measure of Lord LIVERPOOL's Administration—by comparison with that of Mr. PITT, in its removal of Lord FITZWILLIAM's Noble Predecessor. The Newspapers, themselves mistaken, have misled the Public in regard to that transaction. The toast given by the Duke of NORFOLK was not, *totidem verbis* 'the sovereignty of the people;' nor was the Whig Club the scene of the real toast.

'Avoiding a profitless discussion about the origin of government, the principle is here assumed, that whether incipiently from GOD or from the people, the present British frame of civil rule is both *of* and *for* the people. Entangled in no theory respecting divine right, the Mighty Act which ultimately placed the Crown of England upon the House of BRUNSWICK, recognised the paramount value of hereditary royalty by making JAMES the FIRST 'a stock and root of inheritance;' at the same moment that it practically asserted a supreme national faculty in a supreme national emergency. With a penal law upon the statute book against denying the competence of Parliament to limit the Regal succession, the congruity does not easily present itself, how any individual of even the Royal Family could refuse to drink the sovereignty of the people in its English, constitutional sense. In this sense, *its true sense*, the toast is as distant from any thing rebellious or irreverent to the KING, as the Convention, which associated the Prince of ORANGE with the lineal heiress of the throne, differs from the rabble of Jack Cade, of Lord George Gordon, or of Mr. Hunt. But, the very nature of events is sometimes changed by circumstances. The same proceeding becomes innoxious or offensive according to epochs and accompaniments.

'It is gracious towards the dead, and honourable to the living, that the nativities of Mr. FOX and of Mr. PITT should still be celebrated by their surviving admirers. Such a tribute (not therefore the less a gangrene to putrid bosoms) is the free offering, of free minds, in a free state, to transcendent genius, even in two men who, like ARISTIDES and CYMON before them, did not leave the means of defraying their respective funerals. Some unreflecting *Foxites* occasionally reproach the celebrators of Mr. PITT's birthday as 'owing obligation to that great Minister'—quite ignorant that the highest compliment is enveloped in such an accusation. There is a saying attributed to the first Premier of the present reign, viz. that he never provided for a supplicant without making one man ungrateful and twenty men discontented—a true and terrible picture of base

mankind—much the more so that the *dictum* is in reality older by thousands of years than the Duke of Newcastle. Were the allegation founded, which is *manifestly false*, that the venerators of that once tuneful tongue now sealed in eternal muteness, were inspired only by a remembrance of favours where further advancement is hopeless, the fact would imply the existence of a virtue the more valuable because of its rarity. Of all the stains and shames of Jacobinism, its exclusion of gratitude from the pale of morality is the very vilest. If there be a rule universal and infallible, it is this—that no stable good quality will ever be found in a heart which, when its turn is answered, becomes insensible to obligation.

' So much digressively.

' It was upon one of the celebrations of Mr. Fox's birthday, at which the Duke of Norfolk presided, that the Duke gave the toast which caused the privation of his Lieutenancy and Regiment. Immediately on taking away the table cloth, his Grace stood up and uttered these words :—*Gentlemen, let us begin by drinking our sovereign*'——throughout the company there was a general note of preparation for the King's health, when the Duke unexpectedly added—' *the people.*' The Duke commented briefly upon the principle of his toast, referring very shortly to General Washington, and to the outset of the American war. This incident took place on the 24th of January, 1798. In about a week after it, the removal of the Duke became known to the public. At such a festival it is obvious that Mr. Fox could not have been present. But upon the next meeting of the Whig Club (the 6th of the subsequent month of February) of which meeting, also, the Duke of Norfolk was Chairman, Mr. Fox (apprized of what was soon well known, that the slap given to the Duke had gone to the quick) Mr. Fox, with his characteristic generosity, in a speech at this meeting almost *petitioned* that his name might be struck out of the Privy Council ; in order to his sharing the Duke's court disgrace. Nothing was farther from offensive than the *intention* of the Noble Duke in his toast. There was, nevertheless, an infelicity in the *manner* of it ; and in that manner consisted its *virus*. Neither in matter, however, nor in mode is that occurrence to be any more compared with the example set by Lord Fitzwilliam respecting the late Yorkshire Meeting, than the Convention of Parliament in 1688 resembled the Delegates, ' as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,' who about three years since assembled in London to brush away King, Lords, and Commons, as so many cobwebs ; and to tread upon the neck of this nation as they would crush a spider.

' Misery acquaints us with strange companions.' Exuberant

as the age has been in wonders, is any one of them more marvellous than to see the same Lord FITZWILLIAM, who (at a period of time when Spencean Philanthropy had never been heard of—when universal suffrage was the mere reverie of an isolated theorist) could, from terror of imaginary innovation, break the bands that bound him in virtuous confederacy with some of the best and brightest of mortals—in reality no more innovators than himself—that the same Lord FITZWILLIAM, one of the most moral of men and purest of possible christians, should allow party feeling to place him upon a county hustings, sidling some of the apostles of a faith that reviles as '*fraud and mockery*' the christianity which, with 'the solemn temples' brought at once 'the gorgeous palaces,' the yeoman's farms and the peasant's cottages into this island, (at that time the den of the most beastly degradation) the christianity which changed its entire face, raising and sublimating the whole island into the glorious thing it now is, from a vileness that could fawn and fall down before such a monster as *Claudius*; hugging their chains as a blessing, and deprecating freedom as a curse—the christianity which congregated the whole population in the mild communion of *him* who came in 'Majesty of Meekness,' in place of the horrible idolatry which propitiated its demon divinities with human blood—this uncouth incorporation of Lord FITZWILLIAM with the genius of radicalism being for the pretext of assembling Parliament—after Parliament had been *regularly convoked to assemble?*

'That BONAPARTE, after sitting upon LOUIS the XIVth's throne, should be caged in a British islet is, indeed, amazing; but is it more so, than to see the Earl FITZWILLIAM and Mr. WOOLLER upon the same political platform—*rebus sic stantibus?*

'*What!* Is Lord FITZWILLIAM charged with wishing well to the creed of Mr. WOOLLER? This sapient question is best answered by another short interrogatory. Did the Duke of ORLEANS wish for the *guillotine?*

November 18, 1819. 'D.'

If Mr. *Bennett* should hereafter act in public life with any other than his present Party, and treats his former political associates as I have conducted myself towards the friends of Mr. *Fox*, his fate will be hard indeed, if he receive not better measure than he has dealt to me.

D. O'BRYEN.

21, *Craven St. Nov. 22d*, 1820.

APPENDIX—No. 7.

The following letter, written by me in a day or two after the refusal stated in page 36, was enclosed to, and reinclosed from, the *Duke of Bedford* in Paris. His Grace's two letters at *Paris* I have not *yet* found among my papers. From memory, however, I am certain that the Duke said, in substance, that he had burnt my two first letters alluded to in my third letter (the following) and that, concluding I wished to have the following back, as well as the two that preceded it, the Duke, together with his reply, put the following under an *invelope—the identical letter* so received by, and returned from, his Grace being the compositor's copy for this work.

MR. D. O'BRYEN TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,
Both in Paris.

'*Hotel de Londres, Rue de L'Echiquier,*
'*October the 25th,* 1815.

'MY LORD,

'With all deference to your Grace's exalted rank, and with every respect for your amiable moral character, I take the liberty of requesting the return to me of the two letters with which I, most reluctantly, troubled your Grace on Friday and Sunday last. Written in haste, agitation, and confidence, I made no copies of them; and the mortification, growing with the growth of every fresh reflection, which fills my lacerated heart, makes me anxious to be in possession of a correct transcript of the two communications. The originals your Grace will find safe under seal in Hamilton Place at your return to England. Though sore and surprised at the nature of your Grace's answer when I received it, my pain and astonishment are only the more encreased, the more I think of the subject. I begged in my second letter (which second letter put the required loan wholly out of question) that your Grace would 'for the love of God,' allow me an opportunity of explanation upon the topic, so replete with every delicacy, therein referred to, in case any doubt existed in your mind. Your Grace neither grants the opportunity, nor disclaims the necessity

of it; and I am left by your silence under the most distressing implications, upon a point as clear and pure on my side, as on that of 'any inhabitant of Heaven.'*

As nothing shall ever induce me to owe to your Grace the slightest favour; and as it is not likely that I should ever trouble you with a letter after this I am now writing, I really, with all submission, shall claim the right of showing that your conduct to me is neither deserved by me, nor worthy of yourself.

My Lord, in whatever region political liberty has existed, *there* have co-existed parties. Parties are generated by freedom, and where parties are put down, freedom will not long survive them. Mental powers and worldly possessions are so unequally distributed, that civil associations would be impossible, without interchanges of the gifts of God and the gifts of fortune. Poverty of purse is balanced by activity of mind; and greatness is softened by a sense of its political nothingness without adherents. The rich help the poor; and protection is repaid by zeal and by talents. Thus it was in Greece. Thus it was in Rome. Thus it was, and is, and ever will be, in England until the essence of its constitution is wholly engulphed in the whirlpool of the multitude, or in the vortex of the court. Your Grace's ancestors were a portion, a glorious portion indeed, of a party; and it is only by ignorance, or by tyranny, with its true born imp corruption, that party is decried and run at.

My Lord, I venture to affirm, that in the wide circle of partizanship the humble writer of this letter has never been surpassed. There is no honest service that I have not performed. There is no suffering that I have not endured. My liberty has been struck at often—my life once. Over and over opportunities have been by me declined of ample provision, if I had cultivated interest at the expence of fidelity. In bodily efforts not yielding to those who had *nothing else* to contribute. In intellectual labour outstripping even *the exclusively contemplative.* In those manœuvrings which are compounded of the labours of both the body and the mind, not inferior to either confederate or opponent. Upon every part of my history, however, I shall drop a curtain, excepting only such passages of it as bear some relation to your Grace.

I say then first, generally, that no individual has more assiduously strove, upon every occasion that occurred, to render all honour to the noble name of Russell than I have; and I say, particularly, that to none of the high personages of the Whig

* This passage refers to the subject of Mr. *Fox's* letters, mentioned in pages 29, 30, 31, and 32, which letters were delivered by me to the Lord *Chief Commissioner.*

party, have my homages and devotions been more marked or more efficacious than to your Grace. Although the Westminster contest of Trentham and Vandeput took place before I was born, yet it happens to be in my certain knowledge, that the single contribution towards that election of your Grace's grandfather was no less a sum than 5000l. Your Grace, I am persuaded, would do no less for Mr. Fox—but I so managed the only contest for Mr. Fox, since your accession to the dukedom, that his election did not cost your Grace quite 200l. I know that you praised my management of that election—*Laudatur et alget*—but so my Lord, did the Duke of Northumberland (to me a personal stranger) under his own hand. In fact, to withhold commendation was *impossible*. Of the two other contributors to that contest (200l. each) one still survives—and long may he so, as a blessing to mankind. Westminster contests had cost these noble persons (the late Duke of Devonshire and Lord Fitzwilliam) such masses of *thousands*, that both spoke of that victory (that of 1802) so cheaply achieved, as a prodigy. It was the only election in which the ministry of the money was in me *alone*; and it was the only one, of which the subscribers *ever had* one shilling of their subscriptions returned to them—though the whole fund was only 800l. My Lord, I know not whether your Grace will be pleased to admit *that* election to have been a *service*—but I am sure that to none of the noble contributors was it productive of more convenience than to your Grace. It enabled you to oblige an additional friend with an additional seat in parliament, which was destined by your Grace for Mr. Fox. Your Grace, upon a visit to Lord Torrington in Windsor Forest, rode over to St. Anne's Hill, in June 1802; where you found me in the very act of arguing upon his proclaimed retirement from public life with Mr. Fox—in the book room. You said that you wished to arrange about the general election, then expected daily. Mr. Fox begged of your Grace not to think of *him*. On the previous Sunday, Lords Thanet, Lauderdale, Robert Spencer, and General Fitzpatrick, after dining at St. Anne's, reported at Brookes's, on Mr. Fox's *own* authority, that he had finally given up public life. On the next day I found Sheridan (with Mr. Fox's concurrence certainly) canvassing in Pall Mall I advised him to stop; and straightways I set off for St. Anne's. It was on *the day after*, that your Grace came there from Lord Torrington's. The conversation finished with Mr. Fox's replying to your Grace in these words. 'If I come into parliament *at all*, it should be for Westminster.' My Lord, I never quitted St. Anne's Hill till I won him from his purpose. I carried my point not by influence—I never possessed the least bit in *any* quarter. I subdued him by that which was never thrown away upon him—fair reasoning. My

Lord, I am ignorant whether *that* will be accounted a service —but all the world knows that out of it grew those events which made *him* a Minister and your Grace Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Your Grace had, at that general election, the honour conjointly with Mr. Fox, of carrying the *Middlesex* return, by *my* instrumentality; and I took special care, although, considerable expenses were incurred in Lord William's name, that your Grace should not be at the loss of *one farthing*. Having got to the last page of my sheet of paper, I shall dwell no longer upon *indirect* services; but refer to a service which is *directly personal* to your Grace.

The most virulent, indeed the only, calumniator of your late illustrious and admirable brother, was by me so completely '*turned inside out*' (I quote those who were in no wise partial to myself,) that he has never dared to venture another line, although in his last letter to the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, he expressly lays in his claim to be 'at his dirty work again.' However beaten blind in the course of the correspondence with Mr. Adam, still he clings to his right of rejoinder. It was this malicious pertinacity which provoked me to fall upon him; and the thing was done so effectually that he has *never since* dared to say a single word in his own defence. No article ever had more diffusion than the article in question—for it was republished in divers other channels, besides the Morning Chronicle. I never even to this hour, have seen the face of this person. I had no earthly incitement but what respected your Grace. My Lord, I am drawing to the end of my space and must cease further enumerations. If in the delicate and wonder-working powers of the Lord Chief Commissioner, my affairs have been aided from your Grace's stores, such, assuredly, was *no act of mine*. It would be hard, indeed, that considerations, unknown to me, in their origin, and *wholly independent of me*, should be made an *onus* upon my feelings. I never asked any thing of your Grace in all my life for myself, excepting one hundred pounds last Friday to take me out of this strange country and to purchase what may meliorate my prospects *for ever*—and, in this strange land and for such a purpose, it has pleased your Grace's goodness to refuse me. But, my Lord, you will not refuse to let me have my two former letters, which shall be restored most faithfully. As they will cause no other trouble to your Grace than merely sealing them up, may I supplicate your Grace to send them here as soon as possible, at all events in the course of this day or night. Every hour increases my straits in this expensive capital, and I wish to depart from it in the morning. I have the honour to be, my Lord,

'Your Grace's obedient and very humble servant,

'D. O'BRYEN.'

The copying of documents must stop somewhere. Divers letters of the Duke of *Bedford* to me are, at this moment, upon my writing table. The following closing paragraph, extracted from one of them, (not marked private, nor at all of a private nature,) will enable the reader to judge whether there was any thing *very extraordinary* in the *Paris* application to his Grace from *me*, whose intercourse with the Duke, (unrippled by the slightest misunderstanding) had been of little less standing than 30 *years* at the date of that application, viz. October, 1815. His Grace's letter is dated '*Phœnix Park, December the* 21*st*, 1806,' and the extract from it is in these words:

'When I recollect that your brother's interests were 'recommended to me by you, I assure you I feel much 'satisfaction at being afforded so early an opportunity of 'proving the deep sense I entertain of the steady, firm, 'and unshaken attachment you have shown to those 'principles upon which I have acted through life; and 'which bound us by common ties of affection to that 'great, and virtuous, and excellent man, whom it has 'been our irreparable misfortune to lose.

'Ever, my dear Sir,

'With true regard,

'Most faithfully your's,

(Signed.) '*Bedford.*'

N. B. Trusting that I have *demonstrated* the 'universal error' of Mr. *Bennett*, (of Mr. *Bennett*, a *Whig*, and a *Foxite*,) this narrative is now terminated.

FINIS.

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